AUTO FIRM IN BUSY PROGRAM OF EXPANSION

Reo Has Spent $1,000,000 on Increased Facilities Since January 1

WIDE SALES CAMPAIGNS ON

Chevrolet Officials Spike Rumor Company Plans a Front Drive

By ROBERT M. ROSS
Universal Service Automobile Editor

Detroit, Aug. 9.

PRESENT developments at the Reo Motor Car Co. constitute an interesting phase of the automobile industry. In sharp contrast to the restricted operations of many other companies, Reo, one of the smaller but stable independents, is in the midst of a broad expansion program.

Within the last few weeks more than a score of executive positions have been created by the management, with announcements of as many more to follow. Since January 1, approximately $1,000,000 has been spent at the Lansing, Mich., factories on new equipment and increased facilities.

Reo denies that a reorganization is in progress other than the probable effect a larger personnel will have on marketing and production methods. Officials state they are building on the expectation of future demand, and they hold the new set-up will fortify them against competition later on.

Angling for Exports

New models, of course, play an important part in increased activity of the company. Just when these will appear is not definite, but reports place them the latter part of September or first of October. The cars will be eights, according to our information, supplanting sixes.

The most striking feature will be a distinctive body design, following foreign styles. Undoubtedly price will remain in the middle bracket.

In its new plan, Reo is paying considerable attention to the export trade. It is bolstering dealer organizations in the belief that low-priced car manufacturers are the only makers who have made a real sales push abroad.

Campaigns to overcome current market depression have been launched by a number of major companies. Old and new plans to aid the dealer in his effort to stimulate buying are being sponsored on a scale never before undertaken.

Plymouth has begun an essay contest with thousands of dollars in prizes offered the public. Dodge is concentrating on its "mileage marathon," a unique break-down test, that sees a machine covering the country at an average of 60½ miles a day.

Spikes Front Drive Rumor

Buick and Willys Overland have just completed wide-spread contests. Hudson-Essex is offering prizes among dealers for sales. Studebaker is giving considerable promotion to the "free wheeling" of its new models.

Sales of Commercial cars is a bright spot in the market. This class of car virtually is holding even or surpassing previous records.

Chevrolet officials spike the rumor that the company has scheduled a front-wheel drive. The rumor gained considerable circulation in Detroit, despite its evident lack of logic. Observers declared it doubtful whether a front wheel drive would be acceptable to a large portion of Chevrolet's market, even if production problems could be solved.

Contender

WILBUR SHAW, last year's champion of the dirt tracks, one of latest entrants in 200-mile championship auto race at Altoona on Labor Day. With his victories this year to date, he still stands a chance of finishing first among drivers in 1930.

NEW CONCERN TO MARKET DE SOTO

Cottage Farm Motor Sales, Inc., Will Operate a Service Station

The De Soto line of motor cars, a Chrysler product, will be marketed through Cottage Farm Motor Sales, Inc., at 736 Commonwealth ave. Although the concern itself is new, men well known in the industry are identified with it.

Among the facilities provided for De Soto owners and buyers are a modernly equipped service station, salesroom and offices.

The establishment of this new sales outlet comes at the beginning of the De Soto's third year. Offered first to the public on Aug 4, 1928, the De Soto achieved the record sales total of 81,065 units in its first 12 months. In its second year the line moved into 11th place in the industry.

Frank L. McNulty, factory representative, speaking of the new concern, said:

"We at the factory are well pleased with the showing made by De Soto in New England. It has ever been our policy to have our product handled by capable organizations and Cottage Farm Motor Sales, Inc., will measure up to our high standards."

DIME IS NO LONGER SPARK PLUG GAUGE

The modern engine demands the highest type of plug performance and an intense spark is essential for its operating efficiency. Perfect plug performances is important, whether it is obtained by cleaning and resetting the points or by buying new plugs.

As to resetting, it cannot be done with a "thin dime" any longer. The measurement is so fine that it requires a micrometer.

MUSICAL 'HOOTER' ON QUEEN MARY'S AUTO

The automobile of Queen Mary of England is equipped with a musical "hooter" to remind inattentive traffic policemen not to keep her waiting behind a stop and go signal. It is necessary for her majesty to have a clear road in order that she may keep her appointments.

POULTRY AND HOME GARDEN

SIMPLE RULES IN PLANTING TREES

Roots Should Be Allowed Enough Space to Spread Out Completely

By EDWARD C. VICK,
Home Garden Editor.

IN PLANTING trees and shrubs there are simple rules to observe. Before planting, the hole which is to hold the subject should be made large enough to allow the roots to be spread out completely in their former position.

Good fertile soil, free of stones, sand and large lumps, should be packed firmly about the roots. Give a thorough soaking with water before the hole is filled with soil. The roots should not be exposed to the air and sun, nor should they become dry.

When the planting is completed, mulch with stable manure, peat moss or similar material to keep the ground moist.

Broken roots should be cut off with a sharp knife and the tops of deciduous trees and shrubs should be cut back somewhat, keeping the plant in good form.

Rare Flowers in Bloom

—Photo by International Newsreel.

RARE LOTUS bloom again at Grass Lake, Ill., one of the two places on earth where it grows naturally.

MEXICAN BEETLE ADVANCING WEST

The Mexican bean beetle is not only troublesome east of the Mississippi river, but also west of that dividing line of the country.

The bean beetle works from the under side of the leaves, so whatever insecticide is used must cover the under surface of the foliage to be effective.

Clover Aids Grass

A little white clover really acts beneficially when mixed with lawn grass. The clover, strange as it may seem, nourishes the grass and shades the roots from the hot sun in summer.—E. C. VICK.

To Keep Berries Fresh

To keep berries, cherries or other small fruit fresh in hot weather, pick them over and spread them out in the refrigerator on a shallow plate or flat wire sieve.

Burpee's BULB BOOK *free*

Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocus, Daffodils, Peonies, Iris, and many others to plant in the fall—read all about them in *Burpee's Bulb Book*. It tells you of the best spring-flowering Bulbs, Perennial Plants, Roses, Shrubs, and Climbers for your garden. It also tells you of the bulbs that bloom in winter in the house. Write for your copy of Burpee's Bulb Book today. Mailed free.

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887 Burpee Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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due to new tariff and the short corn crop. Only 3 months to the egg. "STARTED CHICKS," 2-3 WEEKS OLD English White Leghorns, R. I. Reds, Barred and White Rocks. Hatching all through the year.

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SPECIAL SALE 10c EVERY BREED
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Barred Rocks.....$8.00 per 100
White Rocks.....8.50 per 100
Heavy Mixed.....7.00 per 100
400 or more 1c less. Safe delivery guaranteed. Prepaid. Cash or C. O. D.
Laywell Farm Hatchery, Route 6
Beaver Springs, Pa.

CHICKS White and Barred Rocks, $6 per 100. Heavy mixed, $5 per 100. 1st quality guaranteed. Order now.
Special This Week
Cash or C. O. D.
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Box 26, Beaver Springs, Pa.

BARRED ROCK CHICKS
Guaranteed quality, 7c each. This week only. Order C. O. D. 100 to 3,000 lots. KLINES HATCHERY, Box 3, Middleport, Pa.

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White Leghorns.....$6.00 per 100
Barred Rocks.....8.00 per 100
R. I. Reds.....8.00 per 100
Heavy Mixed.....7.00 per 100
Light Mixed.....6.00 per 100
500 lots, ½c less—1000 lots, 1c less. 100% live delivery guaranteed. Order from this advt. or write for free circular.
G. P. LEISTER, Box E, McAlisterville, Pa.

MAIL ORDER HOME SHOPPING PARCEL POST

How I MADE UP *for* JOHN'S *Shrunken* PAY CHECK

How a little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do." bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a dollar a day. That's not enough.

"I had been hard pressed before, but now, with John's check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet. One day I saw an advertisement telling how a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how a magazine subscription agency was paying $15.00 to $50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby groceries direct to users. Why don't you do that, dear?' I asked myself. Why can't you do what others have done? I investigated at once and asked for days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how to make money without selling or canvassing. But Jimmy, you could easily make money.

Well, one day, to make the story short, I went into the business myself, telling John. I passed samples of Brown Bobby to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple of grocery stores. In my first week I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of $5.25 a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said gloomily,

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than $150.00 a week.

Women interested in making $15.00 to $50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 448, Chicago, Ill.

Food Display Machine Corp.,
Dept. 448, 500-510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Without cost send me details of your Brown Bobby Plan.
Name .....
Address .....

SEND FOR OUR FREE BARGAIN CATALOG
Sensational Money-Saving Values
PLUMBING & HEATING SUPPLIES
Keep Kool Hi-Grade Shower Spray
Bath Room Outfits
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Complete with fittings.....$9.50
HOT WATER SQUARE BOILER
$48.90
Lumber & Millwork
Cast Iron Radiators
Kitchen Cabinets
Linoleums
Roofing Materials
Central PLUMBING SUPPLY CO.
S.W. Cor. 12th & Spring Garden Sts. Philadelphia

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BALLOON Tires		Tubes	Reg. CORD Tires		Tubes
Size	Prices	Prices	Size	Prices	Prices
29x4.40-21"	$2.30	$1.10	30x3	$2.20	$1.00
28x4.75-19"	2.40	1.10	30x3½	2.70	1.15
29x4.50-19"	2.45	1.50	32x3½	2.70	1.15
30x4.50-20"	2.60	1.50	31x4	2.95	1.15
28x4.75-19"	2.90	1.35	32x4	2.95	1.15
29x4.75-20"	2.90	1.35	33x4	3.50	1.15
30x4.75-20"	2.95	1.35	34x4½	3.50	1.15
31x4.75-20"	2.95	1.35	32x4½	3.50	1.45
30x5-20"	3.30	1.40	33x4½	3.99	1.45
31x5-20"	3.30	1.40	34x4½	3.99	1.45
32x5-20"	3.30	1.40	30x5	3.60	1.75
33x5-20"	3.30	1.40	31x5	3.60	1.75
32x6-20"	5.70	1.65	33x5	4.75	1.75
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All Tubes Non-Guaranteed First Quality
Send only $1.00 deposit within three ordered, balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 2 per cent. You guarantee 1 year's service or replacement at half price.
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$15 in a DAY
MADE BY MANY PARTNERS
Simply take a few orders from customers at home you hear. Food products and things people need and use every day. I will furnish your groceries at wholesale and allow you time to have an income of $15 in a day for your full time or $5 in an hour for your spare time.
No Capital or Experience Needed
I don't ask you to invest a single penny for stock. I furnish capital and allow you to help advertise you, go 50-50 with you on all the money you take in, and furnish you with hundreds of beautiful gifts in addition. your regular business with the business.
NEW CHRYSLER COACH OFFERED EVERY PARTNER Without Cost
As soon as you come with me you will get my offer showing how you can obtain a brand new Chrysler Coach for the business it gives for your own pleasure. This is not a contest—all it pays is that the very day you qualify for it.
NOW if you, elite and mail the coupon below for my amazing "Partnership" offer to one person in your neighborhood. Get my amazing warrantee. Get the plan that can bring you $15 in a day. Mail coupon at once.
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The Health-O Quality Products Co.
Dept. 2985-H, Health-O Bldg.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

C. W. VAN DE MARK
Known to over thousands of "Partners" as "The Man Who Always Keeps His Promises" and "The Man Who Pays Men's Bills."
$35.47 in Week and a Half
Mrs. S. M. Jones, mother of four, took in $35.47 her first 1½ hours—made $2,000 profit first few months spare time. C. Miller, Iowa, made $260 profit his first fifteen days. Rev. McKevley with ten children helped him to burn the mortgage on his home and get C. W. out of debt. Van de Mark, Penn., cleared $63 to $140 a week! Without Van de Mark, Pres., The Health-O Quality Products Co., Dept. 2984-H, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE PARTNERSHIP OFFER
Without cost or obligation to me please rush details of your plan for making $15 in a day, your "partnership" offer and WRITTEN WARRANTEE.
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52 BRANDS Standard TIRES
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30,000 MILES
GUARANTEED AGAINST DEFECTS

BALLOONS	Prices	CORDS	Prices
29x4.40	$3.95	30x3.50	7.30
28x4.50	4.60	28x4.75	8.95
29x4.50	4.60	30x4.50	7.55
28x4.75	5.10	29x4.50	7.85
29x4.75	5.30	30x4.50	7.95
30x4.75	5.40	29x4.75	8.25
29x5.00	5.50	30x4.75	8.65
28x5.00	5.60	31x4.75	8.95
29x5.00	5.90	28x5.00	9.15
30x5.00	6.00	29x5.00	9.35
28x5.50	6.30	30x5.00	9.45
29x5.50	6.45	28x5.25	10.60
30x5.50	6.65	31x5.25	10.90
31x5.50	6.85	30x5.50	11.90
28x6.00	7.40	32x6.75	13.50

MAIL THIS AD. TO GET A NEW FREE TUBE WITH PURCHASE OF EACH TIRE.

33x4 United States	Regular Price	$4.95
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MAIL ORDERS RUSHED
Send $1.00 Dep. on Each Tire. Balance C. O. D. Orders Given Personal Care.
20 YEARS OF HONEST DEALINGS
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SHOP THROUGH THESE MAIL ORDER COLUMNS FOR BARGAINS EVERY WEEK.

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Tank Heater 40-Gal. $6.35
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STANLEY PLUMBING SUPPLY CO.
ALLENTOWN, PA., BRANCH
105 No. 7th St. Allentown, Pa.
ROOF SAVER

Veteran in Good Stride

—Photo by International Newsreel.

ONE of the 25-year-old two-cylinder cars which participated in run between Lisieux and Deauville, France. The revival classic was won by a Renault which averaged 45 miles an hour.

Bunions Go Like Magic
Mail Coupon Now and Prove It

NEVER in history has the amazing action of Pedodyne Solvent been equaled. It is pure marvelous and truly a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge on the shoes. It stops the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly and reduces the enlarged, disfiguring growth like magic. So rapid is the reducing power of Pedodyne Solvent that thousands report they now wear new shoes with ease and comfort. You, too, can prove it, by actual test, at my risk—Mail the Coupon Now.

TRY IT ON YOUR BUNION

Just mail the coupon—try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the quick, sure amazing results. Kay Laboratories, Chicago.

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Gentlemen:—
"I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation. This is not an order. My address is—
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Sunday Aug. 10, 1930

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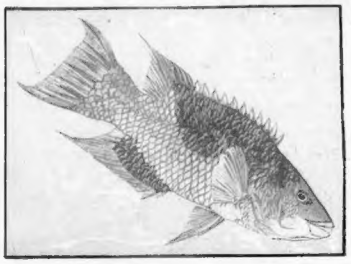
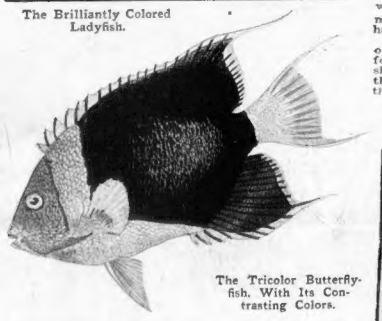
Fading Brilliancy of Tropical Fishes

How Science Uses Artists to Record the Gorgeous Colors Quickly as They Are Brought Up by the Nets



The Brilliantly Colored Ladyfish.



The Tricolor Butterflyfish, With Its Contrasting Colors.

THE fish of tropical waters have been proved by the recent expeditions of the New York Zoological Society, under the direction of Dr. William Beebe, to have the most glorious colors conceivable, rivalling the tints of the butterflies and parrots in variety and brilliancy.

Unfortunately, when these fish are drawn up from the sea, the vivid colors fade, and even if placed in alcohol at once, the flashing reds and blues disappear, so that the student of ichthyology who takes up one of the specimens wonders at the description of these multi-colored fish, because he can find hardly a trace of their bright coloration.

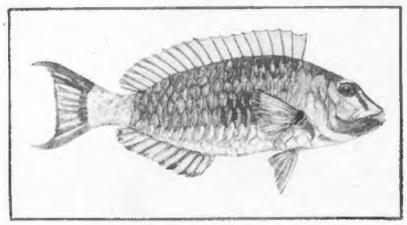
Yet science demands a preservation of these colors in all their vividness, for it has many problems to solve. Why should these fish be highly tinted as they are? Are the varied hues due to the food which is obtainable only in tropical waters, or are they traceable to the effect of tropic sunlight penetrating the clear water? Do the chemical rays of the sun pass through the water and thus bring out the gorgeous tints upon the scales and skins?

In order to catch these colors, each glowing specimen was immediately placed in an aquarium, and an artist seated on the deck of the steamer sketched the fish and painted all of the shadings of hues before they expired.

Dr. Beebe was accompanied by Miss Isabel Cooper on the recent Arcturus expedition to the Galapagos and West Indies, and Mrs. Helen Tee-Van and Mrs. Elsa Bostelmann on the twelfth expedition to the Bermudas. These artists painted the colors of the fish before they lost their brilliancy in death.

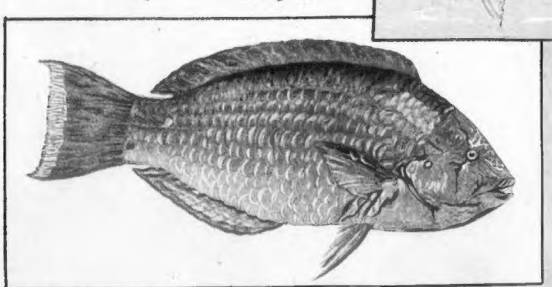
Some of the results of their artistic work are presented on this page in the pictures of the parrotfish, the goatfish, the butterflyfish and others, which astonish the beholder by the variety and beauty of the reds, blues and greens with which they are adorned.

The several volumes, which will be required to present the results of these expeditions, are to come from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

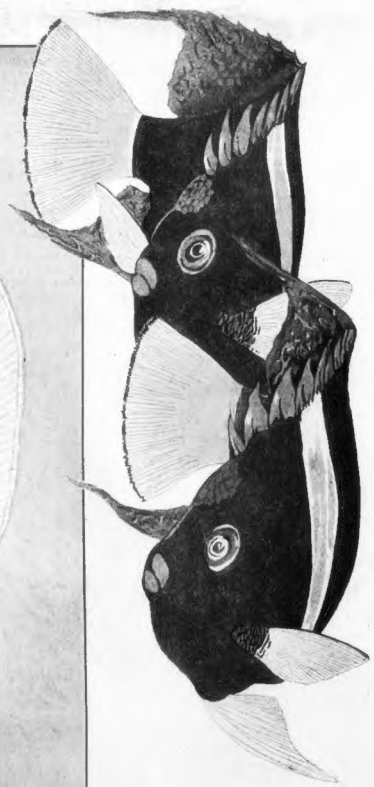


The Iridescent Parrotfish.

The Highly Tinted Red Goatfish.

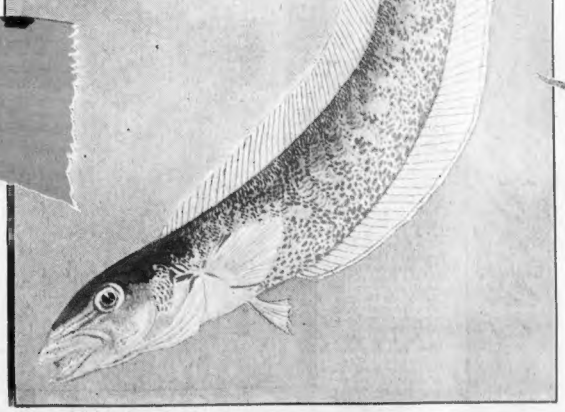


The Varicolored Iridio Radiatus, or Rayed Wrasse.



Two More Butterflyfish, Which Resemble Their Namesake in Shape and Coloring.

The Scarlet Bumphead, With Its Flashing Reds and Blacks.



The Delicately Colored Malacanthus Plumieri, or Sandfish.

How the Ancient Tower of Babel Would Compare With a Modern Skyscraper

Signorina Cobelli, the Italian Beauty, Whose Arms Have Been Hailed by Artists as the Most Perfect in the World, and Who Now, According to a Vote by Painters and Sculptors, Is the "Most Perfect Woman" on Earth.

Italy Claims the Most Perfect Woman

SIGNORINA COBELLI, of Milan, Italy, never has matched her charms against those of other women in a public beauty contest. In fact, she looks upon the parading of physical beauty as bad taste and many times has declined to participate in pageants of pulchritude in which, her friends say, she easily would have captured first prize.

Yet Signorina Cobelli is recognized in Italy as the most perfectly formed woman in the world, not excepting the many national beauties who annually compete for the coveted title of "Miss Universe." She did not win this rare distinction by popular acclaim, but through the less public and more expert judgment of a committee made up of the most eminent Italian painters and sculptors.

More than a year ago the pretty Milanese attracted world-wide attention when a group of Italian artists—some of them members of the committee who invested her with the most title of "The Perfect Woman"—honored her by announcing that she possesses the most beautiful arms on earth.

Not all painters and sculptors have the same conception of beauty as the classical school in Italy, so it cannot honestly be said that the Milanese beauty officially is the most perfectly formed woman in Christendom.

Bringing Home the Bacon in Africa

THE natives of Tongaland, South Africa, have the same fondness for hippopotamus meat as an Englishman has for roast beef and an American has for roast turkey with all the fixings. To these primitive blacks, who are close neighbors of the Zululanders, there is no more delectable food than the fat flesh on the head of a fresh-killed hippo. Usually they roast the whole head over an open fire, but sometimes, just for the sake of variety, they make a stew, boiling the meat in earthen pots of their own crude manufacture or in iron pots that have found their way to that country on the Indian Ocean from the markets of Europe or America.

An Amatonga Belle, Bringing Home a Family Meal—The Head of a Fresh-Killed Hippopotamus.

The photograph shows a happy Amatonga belle bringing home a hippo head that her husband and some of his tribesmen have just speared to death in the jungle. She does not seem to mind the weight of her rather gruesome burden because she knows that she and her family will have a feast as soon as she arrives at her grass hut and can get the head properly roasted.

Hippopotami are plentiful in Tongaland and, although they seldom attack human beings unless cornered or wounded, the natives regard the big brutes as traditional enemies and engage in frequent hippo hunts in which every adult male member of the colony takes part. The hunters conceal themselves in the dense foliage on the shore of the shallow rivers in which the animals live and await their chance to make a big killing.

The head which the dusky young woman is carrying was taken from the smallest of six hippopotami which were killed in a three-day hunt. The whole village celebrated the success of the hunt with a wild orgy of feasting.

MANY students of the Bible and of Oriental legend believe that the Tower of Babel, which is mentioned in the Book of Genesis, was a massive building of brick that once thrust its lancelike summit further into the sky than any structure built by human hands before or since. The Eiffel Tower, in Paris, and the skyscrapers of New York are, they believe, small creations beside the tower that once rose from the Valley of Shinar, on the banks of the Euphrates.

In support of their belief they cite that part of the Babel myth, which relates that the races of the earth gathered in Babylon, and, by years of back-breaking labor, raised a tower which they intended should reach to heaven. Just how near the builders came to Heaven, assuming that they were working in the right direction, never will be known, because the actual dimensions of the Tower of Babel are not given in any of the legends concerning it.

Present-day archaeologists have, however, compiled some figures after long study of the huge mound of clay brick on the banks of the Euphrates, and these figures indicate that the Tower of Babel, instead of being much taller than any modern skyscraper, was actually what the present-day New Yorker would look upon as nothing more wonderful than a good-sized building.

The archaeologists who recently completed painstaking excavations on the site of ancient Babylon, are of the opinion that the Tower of Babel was torn down, or fell down before it was finished, and that, had it been finished, its topmost brick would have been only 660 feet above the sandy soil of the Shinar Valley.

At Forty-second street and Lexington avenue, in New York City, there is a skyscraper called the Chrysler Building, one of the newest towers that makes Manhattan Island a unique place, because of its already famous skyline. This building of steel and stone, the highest man-made structure, is topped by a needle-like spire, which pushes 1,046 feet above the sidewalk.

So, if the archaeologists are correct in their computations, the tower intended to reach to the skies was nothing so remarkable in the light of modern architectural achievements. In New York alone there are more than a dozen buildings beside which the Tower of Babel, if, in fact, it ever was completed, would seem a structure of modest size and height.

All that is left of the tower today is an enormous mound of sun-baked brick and fire-burned brick 230 feet high. There was no stone available in the great plain of Babylonia, made fertile by the waters of the Euphrates, so the builders of the tower were forced to manufacture their own building material from nearby deposits of clay.

The excavators dug deeply into this great heap, which the inhabitants of the region do not call the Tower of Babel, but the Birs Nimroud, which means the Hill of Nimrod. Nimrod is the legendary founder of the Babylonian Empire.

They found the brick of excellent quality considering the time in which it was made and believe that it would have been possible to use the man-made material to erect a structure more than 600 feet high. They also found that the builders knew how to make a kind of lime cement which they put between the bricks as they were laid.

The ruins indicate that the tower did not fall of its own weight, but that it was pulled down by human hands. There is no reference either in history or legend to an assault upon the tower, and when it was destroyed must ever remain one of the deep mysteries of the ancient world.

By careful computations, the scientists who have studied the ruins in Babylon have been able to make what they believe is an approximation of the tower's actual height and the height that its builders intended to carry it. It is assumed, both from legendary reference and observation of the ruins, that the uncompleted structure was made up of seven set-back stories, as shown in the drawing on this page. Evidently it was the intention of the builders to continue adding other and smaller stories until the tower came to a peak. On the assumption that this is true, the tower would have come to an apex, as shown by the dotted lines, 660 feet above its base. These figures are, of course, debatable, and there is little likelihood that any evidence will ever be found to establish beyond question the size of the Tower of Babel.

The story of the building of the tower is familiar to all students of the Bible. It is related in the seventh chapter of Genesis that all the people of mankind, then a unified race speaking one language, came in the course of their wanderings to a land in the Valley of Shinar, where it was decided to build a city.

Before the building plans had progressed very far, the leaders of the horde conceived the idea of erecting a great tower, which would reach to heaven, and which would make it possible for the human race to live in one spot instead of being scattered all over the world.

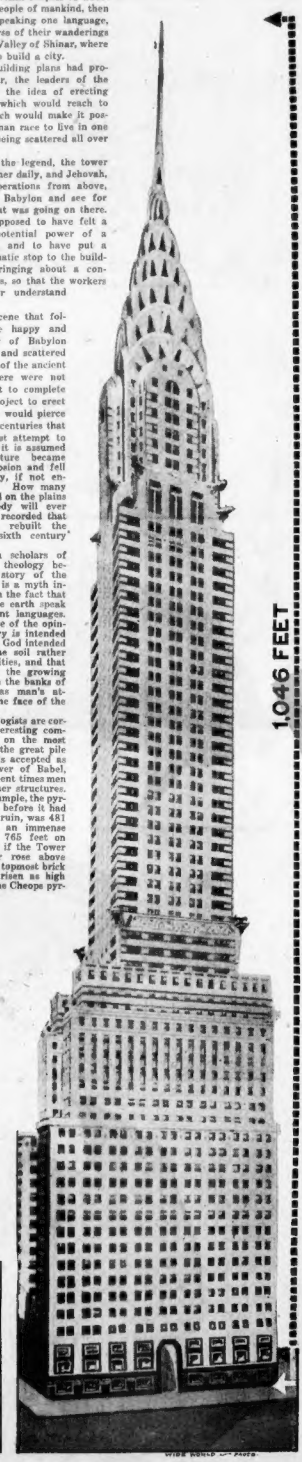
According to the legend, the tower was growing higher daily, and Jehovah, watching the operations from above, decided to visit Babylon and see for Himself just what was going on there. The Deity is supposed to have felt a fear for the potential power of a united mankind, and to have put a sudden and dramatic stop to the building work by bringing about a confusion of tongues, so that the workers could no longer understand one another.

In the mad scene that followed the once happy and united citizenry of Babylon were broken up and scattered all over the face of the ancient world. And there were not enough men left to complete the ambitious project to erect a building which would pierce the sky. In the centuries that followed the first attempt to build the tower it is assumed that the structure became weakened by erosion and fell at least partially, if not entirely, in ruins. How many centuries it stood on the plains of Shinar nobody will ever know, but it is recorded that Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt the tower in the sixth century B. C.

Some modern scholars of mythology and theology believe that the story of the Tower of Babel is a myth invented to explain the fact that the people of the earth speak in many different languages. Other savants are of the opinion that the story is intended to point out that God intended men to work the soil rather than gather in cities, and that He looked upon the growing spire rising from the banks of the Euphrates as man's attempt to fly in the face of the Almighty.

If the archaeologists are correct in their interesting computations based on the most recent study of the great pile of brick which is accepted as the Biblical Tower of Babel, then even in ancient times men had erected higher structures. In Egypt, for example, the pyramid of Cheops, before it had fallen in partial ruin, was 481 feet high, with an immense base measuring 765 feet on each side. And, if the Tower of Babel never rose above seven stories, its topmost brick could not have risen as high as the apex of the Cheops pyramid.

An Artist's Conception of the Tower of Babel, in Its Unfinished State. Although the Architectural Plan Might Have Been Quite Different Than That Shown, It Is Reasoned From Archaeologists' Figures That the Set-Backs, Carried to Their Logical Peak, Would Have Brought the Height of the Tower to 660 Feet.



The Chrysler Building, Recently Completed in New York, Has a Much Smaller Base, but Is Nearly Twice as High as the Tower of Babel, if Finished, Would Have Been.

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Married Sister's Sweetheart Just to Save Her the Trouble

Very Peculiar Complications That Have Followed Devoted Audrey Baker's Self-Sacrificing but Somewhat Careless "Proxy Marriage" to Young Mr. Sherry, Because Sister Nedra Was Too Busy That Afternoon to Marry Him Herself

Miss Audrey Baker, Who Married Her Sister's Sweetheart Just to Be Accommodating and Lost Her Own Fiance as a Result.

"I can't get away to marry you today—
My boss won't let me."

SO Miss Nedra Baker, pretty dress model in a New York store, informed Mr. Ernest T. Sherry 2nd on the telephone recently, and that young gentleman was quite put out because he had in his pocket the railroad and Pullman tickets to take them that very night to Montreal for the honeymoon.

Of course Nedra could walk out and be docked half a day's pay but she did not want to do that. Also they might wait till the next day, but the eager groom hated to wait. The young man said he would see what could be done, hung up the receiver and thought hard for a few minutes. "Love will find a way," he promised himself.

Any lawyer, minister, marriage-license clerk or other expert on getting married, would have told him that nothing could be done. But Ernest is the nephew of Louis Sherry, the restaurateur who did things in the restaurant business that had never been done before, and seems to have inherited a flash of his uncle's Napoleonic genius.

It was high noon and while he was still pondering the problem, in walked the delayed bride's younger sister, Miss Audrey Baker, her slender fingers prettily concealing a yawn. Audrey, even more beautiful, is an entertainer in a night club under the management of Texas Guinan. The young lady had just waked up and absorbed her usual feminine breakfast of two big cups of coffee and one small glass of orange juice.

The moment Ernest saw his future sister-in-law, a remarkable idea took possession of his mind and he unfolded it with a rapid flow of words. He explained his predicament, exhibited his tickets and stated that she would have to help them out. Audrey murmured her sympathy, between yawns, but said she had no ideas. No actress has ideas that early in the day and it isn't fair to ask them to make important decisions at such an hour. But the wide-awake Mr. Sherry rattled on at her mercilessly:

"It's the simplest thing in the world," said he. "You just run down to the marriage license bureau at City Hall with me, tell the clerk you are Nedra and answer the questions just as she would do, sign her name and everything. Then I marry you as Nedra so she and I can make that 9:30 'Montrealer' tonight. See?"

Ernest argued earnestly and presently got her sister on the telephone and, as her capable attorney, Maxwell E. Lopin, of 70 West 40th St., New York, says in her plea for annulment: "after repeated entreaties, urgings and insistence by her sister Nedra and the defendant, and upon repeated assurances and representations that the plaintiff might properly and lawfully apply for such license for her sister, as a proxy, without responsibility to the plaintiff and in order to accommodate them, believing said statements and relying thereon, Audrey was induced to, and with defendant did apply for said marriage license."

So Audrey agreed to get the license for her sister, and says she understood that Nedra would then run down town as soon as she could get a few minutes off and go through the ceremony, but that she now suspects that Ernest all the time had in mind a complete proxy marriage. It is true that there are such things as proxy marriages but these emergency affairs have to be arranged with full understanding and consent of the authorities and are not permitted except for more serious reasons than saving half a day's pay. Had the girl by his side been his own darling bride, young Sherry, expectant heir to the Sherry fortune, would have taken a taxi cab. But considering that he had not yet come into that fortune and that she was only a proxy, the Interborough Subway seemed good enough and besides he had a job with that company and had a sense of loyalty toward it.

At City Hall station Audrey followed him out of the car. By the time they reached the marriage license clerk's window in the Municipal Building, Audrey was sufficiently awake to answer the questions, giving her sister's age of 23, instead of her own 20 years, and to sign Nedra's name instead of her own. The clerk, not being a mind-reader, had no way of knowing that something was being put over on him, but he did remark afterward:

"Did you see that bride yawn? She doesn't give a durn whether she marries that little fellow or not." However, the law does not require enthusiasm from a bride, only willingness, and she had expressed that.

This done, Audrey thought she was through except to act as witness. After waiting a couple of hours Ernest telephoned, afterwards reporting that Nedra couldn't get away in time, so Audrey would have to go through with the ceremony too. According to her statement, Audrey refused but her sister in one ear over the wire, and Ernest in the other ear offered more "pleadings, assurances and representations that it would be perfectly all right" until finally she was persuaded. They went upstairs to the Municipal chapel and while awaiting their turn among the love-smitten couples, Audrey became more mentally alert. She suddenly remembered that, in a few weeks, she hoped to be going through this same proceeding with her own fiance, quite wealthy.

"Wait!" she gasped, clutching the groom's arm. "I'm liable to show up here most any time with a——you know who. Suppose they remember me, then what?"

"Nothing," Ernest assured her blandly, "nothing at all." He was full of ideas that day and could answer anything. "Simplest thing in the world. Just tell them that you are Nedra's twin sister Audrey."

"But suppose they make me prove it?"

"They would not do a thing like that—doubt a lady's word. They are gentlemen. But if that worries you, just send Nedra down here with him and have another proxy marriage. Neddy certainly owes you that favor."

This seemed reasonable to Audrey, and the pair stepped forward without any misgiving when somebody shouted, "Next!" Being a woman, Audrey naturally took more careful notice of the ceremony than did the groom. Though she thought it meant nothing in her life, still it was a sort of rehearsal of the happy event with another man that was to come. Finally the man officiating said:

"That's all. It's up to you now." And he looked expectantly at the groom whose dull, masculine mind thought this meant that all he had to do now was to get out of there. As Ernest started to back away, Audrey whispered out of the corner of her rosebud mouth:

"You little dumbell, he means you are supposed to kiss me."

"Oh, sure," said Ernest.

Back at the apartment, they found Nedra.

"Here's your husband, Nedra. I've just married him for you," announced Audrey, laying the marriage certificate on the table and going out, on the theory that with that document they no longer needed a chaperone. As she slowly closed the door, Audrey looked back upon a long kiss, like the final fade-out in a moving picture.

That was, however, not the end, but the beginning, of a peck of trouble. It will take the courts and lawyers some time to determine the net results of this taking of the matrimonial law into their own hands. A judge will have to say whether, in the eyes of the law, the girls are maids, wives or what they are, and Ernest does not know which is his wife and which his sister-in-law or even if he is a husband at all. It is about the worst muddled-up marriage that has been perpetrated in New York.

Regarded from any angle, trouble looms. In the first place it is probably not a valid proxy marriage, according to virtually all legal opinion, and yet somebody got married. This is not very nice for Nedra who is placed in the position of having spent a sort of morganatic honeymoon with a man to whom she was not only not married but may turn out to be her sister's husband. To save her reputation somewhat, the courts might call everything off and allow Ernest to marry Nedra all over again, with the bride present in person this time. The difficulty with that solution lies in the fact that Nedra, before she discovered that there was anything wrong with her title of Mrs. Sherry, became tired of Ernest and threw him out. Now that young Mr. Sherry knows that the lady does not love him, he objects to being married just for the purpose of being divorced and stuck with alimony.

Unfortunately, so it is said, Audrey's fiance claims that the courts will hold that his fiancee's doings down there at the Municipal Building actually made her Mrs. Ernest Sherry 2nd. In that case Audrey can probably have an annulment on the grounds that there was no such intent, and the marriage was never consummated.

But, with an annulment, there is no alimony and someone ought to compensate Nedra for her embarrassing predicament, to say nothing of the fact that Audrey says that it has also broken up her romance. To collect any heart balm, it would be necessary for Audrey to acknowledge that she is the wife of Sherry and sue him for divorce, charging him with infidelity and naming her own sister as co-respondent during that careless honeymoon. That would hardly be a sisterly act.

The first move was made by Audrey in a suit to annul her marriage, if it was a marriage. If this is granted it removes that lady from the scramble, quite intact, and should make it easier for Nedra to find out what she is to Ernest, if anything.

The trouble between the nearly-weds began at Montreal, almost as soon as they reached there. Love in a cottage may be all right, without money, if you own the cottage, but not in a hotel. Ernest may be very rich some day, when and if he inherits the Sherry millions, but that is in the hazy future.

After three days the pair returned to New York and Nedra to her modelling job which seemed to be bad for the bride's disposition. The groom, seeing this, made a hasty trip West to raise money from an oil well in which he is interested. Ernest returned with the report that while great wealth probably would come out of that well some day, when they struck oil, that, too, was in the future.

At this Nedra was annoyed and they discussed each other's faults as freely and frankly as if they had been legally married for years. When it was over, love flew out of the window and Mr. Sherry out the door and home to papa, Dr. Ernest T. Sherry, of 54 Riverside Drive. Next day Audrey's telephone rang. It was Dr. Sherry, asking her to come up and see him.

"I guess you want my sister, Nedra, don't you?" she asked, but the doctor replied:

"No, I think it is you who have married my son."

"How perfectly awful!" gasped Audrey and the father sadly agreed. Dr. Sherry had consulted legal talent and stated that it did not matter what names either had used. The fact that they had gone through a wedding ceremony together was all he needed to know.

It may turn out in the end that Nedra is the common-law wife of Ernest and, as such, she can sue for divorce. Unfortunately an alimony award, based on his present job as storekeeper for the Interborough, would not be very imposing. Of course if that well strikes oil in the meanwhile, things would be different but the doctor has intimated that none of the three concerned can "strike" him.

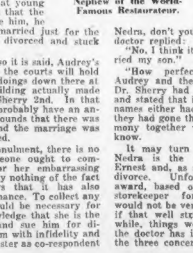
And Right After That Curious "Proxy Marriage," Audrey and Young Mr. Sherry Went Back to the Baker Apartment.

"Here is your husband, Nedra. I have just married him for you!" Announced Audrey, Laying the Marriage Certificate on the Table and Then Going Out, on the Theory That With That Document They No Longer Needed a Chaperone!

And That Night Nedra and Her "Bridegroom" Went Off on Their "Honeymoon" to Montreal!

Audrey Baker in Another Attractive Pose.

Miss Nedra Baker, Who Doesn't Know Whether She's a Bride, a Common-Law Wife, or Still Unmarried, Even Though She's Enjoyed a Honeymoon.



Mr. Ernest T. Sherry, Nephew of the World-Famous Restaurateur.

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Science Reconstructs Some Terrifying Monsters of Prehistoric America

MANY books have been written about the prehistoric monsters that once roamed the world. Fossil remains of some of these creatures have been found and, with the addition of missing bones, set up in museums where visitors may see for themselves what the skeletons of some of these brutes looked like. At least one motion picture has used cleverly constructed models of dinosaurs, pterodactyls—those extinct and hideous flying lizards—and other prehistoric monsters to show, graphically, what these creatures looked like when they were alive.

But it has remained for the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago to preserve in a form which interests the scientist and layman alike the likenesses of many of the fearsome animals that became extinct millions of years ago. Through the generosity of Ernest R. Graham, the museum has one of its halls decorated with a series of mural paintings depicting dramatically and accurately what life was like on the North American continent long before the dawn of history. Recently three new paintings were added to the valuable collection of eighteen murals. Two of these three canvases are reproduced on this page.

The picture at the top of the page, which is the most striking of the new paintings, shows a group of plesiosaurs, or giant sea-lizards, disporting themselves. With them are several fish-lizards that are believed to have gone down into extinction about the time the plesiosaurs did. Scientists estimate, from the rock strata in which remains of these brutes have been found, that they swam in the waters of the North American continent about 120 million years ago and that they were, because of their great size, the unquestioned masters of the watery kingdom they surveyed.

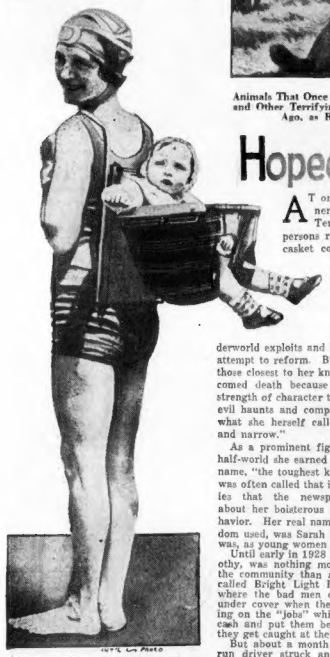
In appearance the plesiosaur resembled the superstitious conceptions of the "sea serpents" that sailormen of ancient times and the Middle Ages were forever seeing on their adventurous voyages. It swam with its ponderous body immersed and its long neck thrust forward when it was in search of the smaller sea creatures with which it satisfied its supposedly rapacious appetite.

It is believed, from a study of the geological aspects of the country, that an inland sea once flowed over what is now Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas, and the giant sea-lizards are supposed to have inhabited the waters of this sea in great numbers.

The smaller fish-lizards shown in the same painting were curious creatures with bodies, fins and tails like fish, but with the jaws and heads of lizards. There is no definite way of knowing, of course, but scientists are reasonably sure that these primitive animals were much faster swimmers than the plesiosaurs.

The other painting of prehistoric life in America shown on this page has for its locale the famous Rancho la Brea tar pits near Los Angeles, from which a wealth of fossils of extinct inhabitants of the earth have been recovered. In this beautifully conceived and strikingly executed panel, primitive, sabre-toothed tigers are shown driving vultures away from the carcasses of animals on which the vicious cats and huge flying scavengers want to feed. In the background are extinct species of wolves and horses which are thought to have disappeared from the North American continent 50,000 years ago.

Animals That Once Roamed the Rancho La Brea Tar Pits Near Los Angeles. They Included a Species of Vulture Now Extinct, Wolves, Sabre-Toothed Tigers and Other Terrifying Creatures.—And Above—Plesiosaurs, Otherwise Giant Sea-Lizards, and Fish-Lizards That Were the Terror of the Seas 120 Million Years Ago, as Restored in the Field Museum's New Murals Done by Charles R. Knight and Presented to the Institution by Ernest R. Graham.



Mrs. Eva Gales, of Medford, Mass., Resorting to Primitive Woman's Excellent Method for Carrying the Baby Around.

Hoped to Die if She Didn't Reform—and She Died

AT one of the most impressive funerals ever held in Memphis, Tenn., more than a thousand persons recently saw the chaste, white casket containing the body of "Dorothy McDowell" lowered into a grave in "God's Acre," the Potter's Field of Calvary Cemetery.

Almost everyone in Memphis knew Dorothy, or knew about her through her underworld exploits and her unsuccessful attempt to reform. But only a few of those closest to her knew that she welcomed death because she lacked the strength of character to get away from evil haunts and companions and walk what she herself called "the straight and narrow."

As a prominent figure in Memphis' half-world she earned herself the nickname, "the toughest kid in town," and was often called that in first page stories that the newspapers published about her boisterous and unsocial behavior. Her real name, which she seldom used, was Sarah Mooney, and she was, as young women of 22 go, pretty.

Until early in 1928 Sarah, alias Dorothy, was nothing more dangerous to the community than a girl of the so-called Bright Light Row, the habitat where the bad men of the city keep under cover when they are not working on the "jobs" which keep them in cash and put them behind the bars if they get caught at their work.

But about a month after a hit-and-run driver struck and killed W. W. Runner, a man of 60, the police finally came into possession of information which indicated that Dorothy, who had been working with a gang of bandits, was the driver of the car. The girl was arrested and locked up in a cell.

Because of the kindly interest that a police reporter took in her case Dorothy was given a chance to quit her evil companions and go straight. When this man interviewed the girl of the underworld, before her fate was decided, she convinced him that she was not the driver of the machine and that she never had had a chance to make anything of her life.

"So help me God," she whimpered, "I wasn't driving that car and the cops are going to send me up for it. I hope God strikes me dead if I don't reform after this jam. All I ask is a chance to go straight."

The reporter used his influence with a prominent churchwoman of the city and Dorothy was set free, established in a good home, given a job and enrolled in a night school, where she could learn bookkeeping and stenography. The police, quite willing to assist in the reformation, agreed that they never would arrest Dorothy on suspicion again.

For a time the girl justified the faith her friends placed in her, but she soon quit school and sneaked back to Bright Light Row to drink with the cronies she had seemed so eager to get away from. One night she got very drunk and was again taken in custody by the police.

The reporter who had tried to help her, visited her in her cell and was amazed to learn that Dorothy had, when she was under the influence of liquor, tried to "put him on the spot" so that one of her gunmen friends could "bump him off" and thus get rid of one of the meddlers trying to rob Bright Light Row of one of its most colorful and popular personalities. Dorothy had weakened after driving to the reporter's home, or he undoubtedly would have been shot down in cold blood on his own door-step.

Again, "the toughest kid in town" was freed by the police and this time she made no attempt to live a respectable life. She went back to her old haunts and nothing was heard of her until she ended her own wasted life by swallowing a dose of poison. She lingered for several days in St. Joseph's Hospital and before she died she told her nurses that she had "found God." She also intimated that she had once told someone she hoped to die if she didn't reform and that, even though she alone was responsible for her untimely death, her wish was about to be granted.

Dorothy McDowell, the "Bad Girl of Tennessee," Who Died After a Brief but Spectacular Career in the Underworld.

In the Congo Today, Babies Are Carried Just as the Primitive Indian Squaws Carried Their Pappooses Around.

Borrowing Primitive Idea—for Minding the Baby

EVERY schoolboy knows, from the pictures in his history books, that the squaws of the redmen used to carry—and still do, for that matter—their papooses on their backs. The usual method of suspending the youngster was to sit him in a blanket, the ends of which were passed around the mother's body and held tightly in her hands. Sometimes the ends of the blanket were tied together so that the mother's hands were free to perform her many domestic tasks. The same very sensible method of toting the very young is employed by the women of Japan and the dusky matrons of the African Congo.

Civilized American mothers, used to transporting their offspring in rubber-tired perambulators, have, until recently, looked upon this ancient way of carrying babies as too primitive for their consideration. But now that a Massachusetts mother has openly adopted the custom at one of the fashionable watering places on the coast of the Bay State, it is considered quite the proper thing for proud mammas, even socially prominent mammas, to stroll along the beaches carrying their babies "Indian fashion."

The photograph at the left shows Mrs. Eva Gales, of Medford, Mass., walking along the sands of an exclusive Summer resort with her family riding comfortably in a little seat slung from her shoulders. She adopted the idea after learning of the discomforts of wheeling a perambulator through the sand and of adjusting her gait to the slow steps of the youngster when she wished to get to and from the beach in a hurry.

When Mrs. Gales first appeared on the beach transporting her "papoose" in the manner of the women of primitive America, of the Orient and Africa she created a great deal of amusement among her friends, but she also gave them a practical, if borrowed idea, and in a short time other mothers were doing the same thing.

Carrying a baby, even a husky three-year-old child, in a seat slung from the shoulders is an easy and not uncomfortable stunt. Broad straps attached to the chair of wicker or canvas pass over the shoulders and do not cut into the flesh. And with the weight suspended from the shoulders and distributed in part to the back and the arms, which hold the straps in the front, the mother can walk much farther and faster than she could if she held the child in her arms.

At the moment the idea is something of a novelty, but makers of perambulators, inspired by the immediate popularity of what may turn out to be a fad, are contemplating the making of back-baskets to be worn not only at the smart beaches but by mothers everywhere in the country. The device is, of course, recommended for use in places where the use of a go-cart or heavier perambulator is impractical.

If the idea takes hold, the children of doting American mothers will not be called upon to suffer some of the discomforts that Indian papooses had to and do in being slung from their mamma's backs, for the ultra-modern "papoose chair," as it may well be called, will be very comfortable. The rider will not be pressed closely against his mother's back, but will sit in what is really a chair with high sides on which he can rest his arms.

It is believed that back-chairs for babies will enjoy popularity not only at seaside resorts but in rural sections where the highways and byways are not at all adapted to baby carriages.

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Her Husband Given His Weight in Gold Every Year

Real Arabian Nights' Romance of the French Candy Girl Who Married the Aga Khan, Descendant of the Old Lord of the Assassins and the Prophet Mohammed, and Who Spends $10,000,000 Yearly on His Pleasures

The Aga Khan Triumphantly Leading in His Horse "Blenheim" After It Had Won the Historic English Derby.

The More or Less Solemn Weighing of the Aga Khan Each Year by a Committee of His Followers, Who Give Him a Pound of Gold for Every Pound of His Weight.

The Sultana Aga Khan in Court Costume for Presentation to Their Majesties the King and Queen of England, Her Husband's Close Friends.

The Princess Aga Khan When She Was Simple Little Mlle. Andree Carron, the Chambery Candy Girl.

The Mullahs Who Attended Their Chief's Wedding to the Candy Girl—the Aga Khan and His Bride Are Seen at the Extreme Left.

PARIS, August 1.

THE chief Mullahs of the extraordinarily picturesque Aga Khan, whose horse "Blenheim" recently won the English Derby, have just left Paris with their pair of enormous antique scales. They left behind them with the Aga Khan a small fortune in gold tied up in equally antique bags, matching his weight, pound for pound.

They weighed the Aga Khan on July the first, the beginning of the Mohammedan New Year. They do this, by the way, every year.

When this ceremony was over, the Aga Khan, because he weighed 220 pounds, had $52,800 more to spend upon his wife, who was until recently little Mlle. Andree Carron, selling candy in a sweet shop at Chambery in Southern France.

But this was a mere morsel to toss in her lap, since these devoted followers of her husband contribute $10,000,000 every year to keep up his stables and those other expensive playthings that amuse him.

Also, after the weighing, she probably watched her husband take his annual bath of purification, and saw every drop of that water carefully removed from his holy tub and put into small bottles which will bring happiness to, and also large prices from, those of his 30,000,000 followers in India who have the luck to get them.

The Aga Khan bathes oftener than once a year, of course. Twice a day, in fact. But his bathing water is only worth real money once a year—like his weight.

Certainly there never was a stranger wedding than this of the little French candy girl to the Aga Khan, lineal descendant of the Old Man of the Mountain, also known as the Lord of the Assassins. And no woman ever had a stranger husband. That he is a son and a son and a son of the Old Man is not, however, the reason he has such a pull with the rich and powerful sect of Ismailia Mohammedans, of whom he is the spiritual head.

They are for him because he is forty-eighth in direct descent from Fatima, the favorite daughter of the Prophet Mohammed, and therefore nearly divine. The Aga Khan possesses the titles of Shah and Sultan. While his followers regard him as supremely sacred, they are a broad-minded lot who see no harm and are delighted to hear that he enjoys himself with pretty French girls, and with playing the races in England.

When the Aga Khan married little Andree Carron, the candy girl, they held a celebration in India and sent him a present of a golden bowl heaped with priceless jewels!

No Cinderella nor heroine of the Arabian Nights ever had a more remarkable experience than Andree. She drew her marvelous piece of matrimonial luck because the Aga Khan happened to own a chateau just outside her town and had the usual oriental sweet tooth. Maybe it might be considered luck, too, that he was heartily sick and tired of the hard-boiled, grasping professional beauties of Paris and London just as his eyes fell on the innocent face of the candy girl. However, it was not luck that she happened to be that kind of girl. For once virtue was rewarded in handsome style.

The other day, before she was to be presented to their Majesties the King and Queen of England, the Aga Khan asked to look at the dress she was to wear. It was a simple white satin affair that had hardly cost $500, but the Lord of the Assassins did not think much of it and said so.

Many husbands have gotten into trouble by criticizing their wives' gowns but probably they could have gotten away with it if they had gone about it as this husband did. The Aga said it was too plain and thought it would look nice to sew 10,000 real pearls into the dress. He happened to have that many around the house and furnished them. Also they were here to keep afterward—so the little bride made no complaint.

The presentation was just after his horse won the Derby. She witnessed this triumph and was cheered and admired by a crowd of 200,000 of Britain's elite.

Just how the faithful Ismailia Mohammedans would regard the marriage of their spiritual leader with an unbeliever was a matter of much interest and mystery. It was at first supposed that they would be furious, but this proved a mistaken idea when the news of their rejoicing was received. It has since been pointed out that a real old-fashioned Moslem regards it as a pious act to add a fair Christian slave to his harem, and it is apparently in this light that they regard their beloved Khan's marriage.

From her point of view Andree Carran has made a perfectly legal marriage. It was performed by the Mayor of the important town of Aix-les-Bains in the presence of important French witnesses, members of fashionable society and priests from the Mohammedan Mosque in Paris. The marriage is an unimpeachable one in the courts of all the civilized countries in the world, including India.

Unlike the American girl, Nancy Miller, who married the Maharajah of Indore and adopted his religion, the French girl announced that she retained her own religion—the Catholic religion—and her nationality. In this matter the French girl showed that she kept her head, however much she may have been fascinated by the Aga Khan's position and the romantic phase of his courtship.

As wife of this highly desirable husband, the girl who used to stand on her feet all day dispensing bon-bons is now the mistress of a palace on the Malabar Hill, Bombay; an apartment near the Bois de Boulogne, Paris; a villa at Le Bourget, near Paris; a historic chateau near Chambery and a great country estate in England.

The Aga Khan is princely in his generosity. He has given his wife unlimited credit and she does not have to identify herself to obtain it. In every big and expensive store in Europe her picture has been studied so that she has only to enter the door and everything in the place is hers.

On her wedding day he presented her with a diamond weighing 61½ carats, known as the Golden Dawn, large as the chocolate creams she used to sell and worth enough to keep the young woman in luxury the rest of her life, if he never gave her another sou.

Historians recall that the Aga Khan is descended from that curious medieval character called the Lord of the Assassins and the Old Man of the Mountain. The first of the line was a strong personality who won his title by a policy of wholesale assassination. But like some modern murderers he thought he more than made up for it by being kind to his wives and followers.

In 1089, twenty-three years after William the Norman conquered England, an adventurous Persian soldier named Hasan Sabah captured a mountain fortress in Persia and established there a secret society that was to attain its objects by assassination. The name is explained by the fact that Hasan used hashish, the product of Indian hemp (cannabis indica) to intoxicate his followers and to further his purposes in many ways. From impregnable Alamut, "the vulture's nest," he ordered the killing of sultans, crusaders and kings. It was always a ruler into whom the dagger was plunged.

The Chief gained his original recruits by appealing to the desire of Persians to drive the Arabs out of Persia. His method of attaching them to his service was dramatic and extraordinary. The novice was drugged with hashish and carried into a palace with a beautiful garden. There he awoke to find himself surrounded by beautiful women who brought him exquisite food and fruit and ministered to his pleasures in every way. After a certain time another drug was administered and the novice was carried out unconscious and woke up to find himself in a bare barrack. Naturally, he had a bad headache and felt generally miserable. He groaned in misery and the mysterious Chief then said to him:

"You have been in Paradise and now you are out. Do the work I give you, and my angels will carry you back to Paradise again."

The work was to kill some king or prince, and the novice soon became an adept. The Chief used to remove rulers who threatened his own power or procured the assassination of others at the instigation of those who wanted them out of the way. In this way he accumulated immense wealth. For about two centuries Hasan Sabah and his heirs pursued their policy of assassination and terrorism.

There is a tradition that Richard the Lion Heart was killed by an Assassin hired for the purpose from the Lord of the Assassins by the Duke of Austria, ancestor of the Emperors of Austria. Richard had incurred the hate of the Duke, who did not dare to oppose him openly, because to do so meant to invite sudden death. It is known that Richard died mysteriously while engaged in the capture of a minor castle in France. The Lord of the Assassins is said to have put the climax on this achievement by adding Richard the Lion Heart's sweetheart to his harem.

Conrad of Montferrat, leading Crusader and ancestor of the present royal family of Italy, fell with an Assassin's dagger in his heart shortly after he was proclaimed King of Jerusalem. Raymond, Count of Tripoli, another fearless leader of the Third Crusade, perished in the same way. Prince Edward, later Edward I, one of the greatest Kings of England, was stabbed by one of the Assassins but recovered.

Several Sultans, Viziers, Caliphs and Mohammedan chiefs died in the same mysterious way. No man, however highly placed, felt that he could protect himself from the constant menace. The Sultan Sanjar organized an army to exterminate the Assassins. On his march to their fortress he woke up one morning to find a letter pinned at his bedside by a dagger.

"Go no further," it said. "Nobody who advanced beyond this point ever returned."

The Sultan was terrified by the threat, and turned back with his army.

The Assassins were finally scattered by the terrible Mongol leader Genghis Khan, who stamped the older civilizations of the Near East under his feet. Their Syrian stronghold was broken up and the descendant of Hasan Sabah found refuge with some of his followers in Persia. Here they gradually rose in importance until about 1840, when their leader, known as Aga Khan I, excited the enmity of the Shah of Persia, and had to run for his life. He had rendered services to the British during their wars in Afghanistan, and in gratitude they invited him to settle in Bombay. There this interesting family has been officially established since then, exercising sway over their followers in many parts of the world. The present potentate, who married the little candy girl of Chambery, is called Aga Khan III.

The Aga Khan was married once before to a European woman—Signorina Theresa Magliano, an Italian of good family. She died within a few years of marriage, leaving a son, who is expected to be the Aga Khan's successor, although he could name another son. His Highness has been for years a prominent figure at Deauville, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Biarritz and all the gayest resorts of France. He has been on friendly terms with Mlle. Maud Loti, Mlle. Jane Renouardt, Mlle. Spinelli and all the charming actresses who make these resorts so interesting. He plays the races and gambles whenever and as much as he likes. There is nothing in the Mohammedan conception of the sacredness of his position that interferes with his doing any of these things.

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Why Fat People Die Sooner than Thin People

Science Discovers That Many Fatal Diseases Are Likely to Attack Overweight Persons, Especially After Forty-Five Years of Age, but Women Have Less Cause to Worry Than Men

HERBERT Photo

The Waites Family, Father, Mother and Three Children, Are Unique in That All Are Alive and Healthy, Although Their Combined Weight Is 2,693 Pounds.

THE ancient threat of a short life and a merry one science now alters to a short life and a fat one. It is not the good that die young, learned doctors say, but the fat. Statistically and physically, longevity is a matter of figures.

The cold logic of death statistics confirms the observations of generations of physicians. The man or woman who is twenty pounds overweight at forty-five has only about one half the chance, health experts agree, of living to a ripe old age as compared with individuals of normal weight or those who are five to ten pounds underweight when the critical age of forty-five arrives.

The famous Daniel Lambert, who died in 1809 weighing 739 pounds—the fattest man ever recorded in scientific records—expired at the comparatively early age of forty. So heavy was this human mountain that his coffin, built to order by a corps of carpenters, had to be mounted on wheels like a wagon. One of Lambert's waistcoats, still preserved as a curiosity in an English museum, measured 102 inches around the waist, about three times the normal waist measurement of an individual of Lambert's height and general bodily form. Like other very fat people, Lambert lost in longevity all that he gained in bulk, for even in those days it was unusual for a healthy individual to break down and die at forty years of age.

The most notable American fat man, Mr. C. F. Titman, of Philadelphia, similarly illustrated the rule of early death for the over-fat. Two years ago Mr. Titman died at Atlantic City when only thirty-nine years old. He weighed at the time of his death 645 pounds. A few years earlier Mr. Titman had weighed just 700 pounds.

Very fat women seem to live, on the average, to slightly greater ages than very fat men, a fact which also is true of elderly women in general, whether fat or thin. Three years ago in Galesburg, Illinois, Mrs. Maude Weiss, long famous as America's fattest woman, died. She boasted at one time a weight of 600 pounds. Before her death, Mrs. Weiss had fallen away, however, to a mere 300 pounds. She was forty-eight when death overtook her; somewhat older than the average life span of very fat men but much below the average longevity of the extremely obese female.

Early this year in New York City Mrs. Katherine Smith, who was but five feet two inches tall and who weighed 560 pounds, died at the age of fifty-two. Not infrequently, very fat people die in infancy or not much beyond. Most of the "fat lady" freaks of the circuses are in their twenties or thirties. The Waites family of Cincinnati are unique, so far as the records go, not only in their average weight but in the fact that father, mother and three children are still alive and well. One of the children, Jack Waites, is believed to be at present the world's fattest living individual. He tips the scales at 640 pounds. The father of the family, Mr. Webster Waites, is reported to weigh 614 pounds, while his wife, Mrs. Emma Waites, weighs 624 pounds and is believed to be the fattest living woman.

Ordinary people are less interested, however, in such extreme instances of fatness, all of which are believed by biologists to be due to some definite disorder of the glands, than they are in the effects on health and longevity of ordinary degrees of fatness, involving individuals from twenty to fifty pounds overweight instead of the hundreds of pounds of excess bodily baggage carried by abnormal people like Lambert, Titman or the Waites. The medical directors of insurance companies have been aware for years that overweight people are worse "risks" than people of normal weight.

Years ago the association of these directors in America compiled sets of average weight tables showing what an American man or woman should weigh at each age and for each inch of height. Since then, physicians who make examinations of persons applying for life insurance always make a comparison between the weight of the applicant and these standard tables. No medical expert familiar with the facts doubts that individuals whose weights exceed notably those set down in the tables are more likely to die at relatively early ages than are normal persons.

Photo © A.P.

The Newest Method for Women to Combat the Ever-Present Threat of Fat. This Machine Does All the Work, and Perhaps the Lady Would Be Better Off if She Employed a More Natural Way to Remain Thin.

The difference is especially marked, the experts agree, for individuals of middle age or older. In young people, indeed, there seems actually to be a slight advantage so far as health is concerned in having a small amount of overweight. This available fat is believed to serve as a reserve of strength in case of germ infections, especially of infection with the tuberculosis germ, which is known to attack with particular virulence those people who lack any reserve of weight of this kind.

After middle age, however, it is an advantage in longevity to be slightly thin. No one who has investigated the statistics has any doubt of the conclusion that persons who are overweight at middle age will die, on the average, much sooner than other persons of similar habits, social status, and the like, but who have kept their body weight within more reasonable bounds.

Recently two statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York City, Dr. Louis I. Dublin and Mr. Herbert H. Marks, confirmed this general opinion of medical experts by an especially careful statistical survey of the deaths occurring among 192,304 persons insured by the Union Central Life Insurance Company during the years between 1887 and 1908. These insured persons were followed from the date of insurance to the date of death, or to the present in instances in which the insured person is still alive. The total tabulation involved 1,487,561 years of human life. During this number of person-years, 13,350 deaths occurred among the insured persons in question.

Records of the causes of these deaths were obtained from the death certificates or other information supplied by the attending physicians. These death causes then were compared with the weights of the individuals in question, as shown by the insurance tables. As is necessary in all statistical investigations for which high scientific accuracy is desired, proper corrections were made for the age classes of the different individuals, living and dead, and for similar variations which statisticians have discovered to be important.

The result of this study is not only to confirm in the most definite possible fashion the previous idea that elderly people have a great disadvantage so far as longevity is concerned if they are overweight but also to supply for the first time dependable scientific information as to just what diseases and other bodily conditions are likely to be affected directly by overweight and to provide the reason why overweight people must expect to live short lives.

The analysis involves seventeen diseases as notable causes of death. Of these, diabetes shows the greatest increase in people who are overweight. The overweight individual, in fact, has more than two-and-one-half times greater chance of dying of diabetes than has the individual of normal weight. Underweight persons, on the other hand, have only about two-thirds as great a chance of succumbing to this disease as has the normal-weight person.

The conclusion is not surprising, for physicians long have known that diabetes is a disease particularly likely to attack individuals who habitually over-eat, especially those who indulge in rich foods. While over-eating is by no means the sole cause of overweight, and may not even be the chief cause, it does explain, of course, many instances of extreme fatness. Such people, quite naturally, would have a greater than average chance of acquiring diabetes.

The second diseased condition to which elderly fat people seem to be particularly liable is the heart disorder called angina pectoris. This disease, Dr. Dublin's figures show, is more than twice as likely to attack the overweight individual as it is to attack the normal individual. All the diseases of heart, arteries and circulatory system turn out, in fact, to belong to the group to which overweight persons are very often particularly susceptible.

Approximately one and one-half more individuals succumb to diseases of this group in the overweight class than in the class of normal weight. As in the case of diabetes, underweight individuals tend, on the average, to escape these diseases of the heart and related organs.

Kidney disease of the kind called nephritis is another of the enemies which lies in wait for the over-fat. Approximately seventy-five per cent more fat people die of this disease than die of the same disease in the normal weight group. Apoplexy is another of the fat man's diseases. An overweight person has about a fifty per cent greater chance of succumbing to this disease than he would have were his weight in the normal class. Appendicitis, influenza, liver disease, typhoid fever and certain forms of pneumonia all show greater death rates among the overweight than among individuals of average bulk.

The only group of diseases in which underweight individuals are at a disadvantage are those of the respiratory system, especially tuberculosis, and also the forms of tuberculosis which attack other parts of the body.

Not long ago in England Dr. B. J. M. Love and Dr. W. F. Christie made similar, although less comprehensive, studies of the bodily effects of corpulence. Two years ago in New York City, Dr. Louis Bauman, of the Presbyterian Hospital, reported similar investigations. At the Nelson Morris Institute for Medical Research, in Chicago, Dr. C. C. Wang and others have made comparative studies of the effects of muscular exertion in the over-fat as compared with persons of normal weight.

All of these investigations agree essentially with the findings of Dr. Dublin and Mr. Marks. The degenerative diseases due to bodily breakdown, especially of the arteries, the other circulatory organs and the kidneys, unmistakably are commoner among overweight individuals, especially among overweight individuals who have passed middle age.

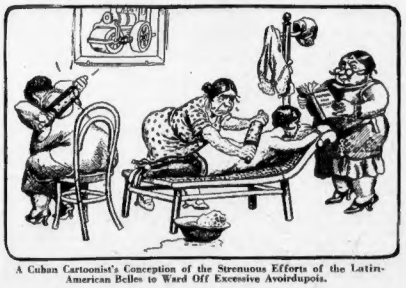
It is not difficult to see why this is true. An individual who weighs, for example, two hundred pounds, when the proper weight for his bodily height should be one hundred and fifty pounds, is carrying around by means of his muscular system fifty pounds of excess load. Worse than that, this fifty pounds of inert fat must be supplied with blood to keep the fat cells alive.

Statistics, medical expert evidences, and plain, common sense agree, therefore, on the conclusion that it is desirable for individuals of middle age or more to keep their body weight within reasonable limits. Neither Dr. Dublin nor any other competent medical expert advocates, however, indiscriminate and fanatical dieting with the aim of quick weight reduction. Such extreme dieting, experts agree, often does more harm than good.

What the fat individual should do, medical evidence says, is to study his or her habits of eating and bodily constitution, to consult a physician and then to undertake such modifications of the mode of life, usually not serious ones, as will result in keeping the fat reserves of the body at a point where the extra strain on heart, arteries and kidneys is avoided as much as possible.

Daniel Lambert, the Fattest Man Ever Recorded by Science, Died in 1809 at the Comparatively Early Age of Forty. He Weighed 739 Pounds and His Vest Measured 8½ Feet Around the Waist.

Miss Ima Whale, of Circus Fame, Doesn't Seem Worried While Tripping Her 630 Pounds in a "Light" Fantastic With "Transparent William," a Side Show Freak. But Science Reveals That William Is Likely to Live Many More Years Than His Dancing Companion.



A Cuban Cartoonist's Conception of the Strenuous Efforts of the Latin-American Belles to Ward Off Excessive Avoirdupois.

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Amazing Aftermath of that Miami Beauty Pageant

The Winner, "Miss Texas," Turns Out to Be a Mrs., But Won't Return the Money and Trophies; "Miss California," Second Choice, Came from Oklahoma; Six Other Beauties All Lived in Shamokin, Pa.; a Railroad Is Suing for $10,000; Six More Stranded Beauties Are Demanding Tickets to South America, and Some Joker Got Miami to Broadcast a False Alarm That "Miss Nicaragua" Was Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Sara Chachon, "Miss Ecuador," the Only Latin-American Beauty Who Didn't Mind Appearing in a Bathing Suit, but Is Among Those Stranded in Atlanta, Nevertheless.

Miss Alberta McKellopp, *Second* Prize Winner, Whose *Title of* "Miss California" Has *Been* Taken Away From *Her Because* She Really Came *From* Oklahoma.

Miss Margaret Ekdahl, of Tampa, Florida, Who Now Gets the Title of "America's Sweetheart" But Nothing Else.

Janet Eastment, "Miss Texas," "America's Sweetheart," and also "Miss America," and Melida Boyd, "Miss Panama" and "Miss Latin-America." "Miss Texas's" Title Has Been Taken From Her, and "Miss Panama's" Is in Doubt. "Miss Texas" Flashed This Smile on Receiving the Cup and Later Got the $2,500 Check Due the Winner—but the Beauty Committee Got Bills for $24,734.44 for Which the Gate Receipts Did Not Provide.

Gaston Andrade, Who Brought the Latin Beauties to the Miami Contest and Ended His Venture by Being Stranded With Them in Atlanta, Georgia—and "Senorita Nicaragua," Also Stranded, for Whom Somebody Sent Out a False Alarm as Being Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

READERS of these pages will remember the predicament of Miami, Fla., last Winter, after the dismal failure of its beauty contest when some forty-odd stranded beauties could not get out of town until somebody paid $4,660.45 to the city's leading hotels for their meals and rooms.

As nobody else would take pity on beauty in distress, the City Fathers finally paid the bills out of the treasury, escorted the charming nuisances to the station and when the train rolled out, heaved a sigh of relief. It was the worst thing that had happened to Miami since the tornado, but, at least, it was over now and could never happen again—so they fondly hoped.

But now the lovely spectre has come back to haunt them and the city shivers in spite of the climate. The Seaboard Air Line Railroad is suing Miami for $10,000 for transporting the ladies to and from their various homes. That was bad enough, but examination of the railroad's bill of particulars revealed a surprising fact which immediately brought down a lot more trouble.

Many of the beauties were misbranded peaches who did not come from the States they represented. No less than six of them, consisting of Miss New Jersey, Miss North Carolina, Miss New York, Miss Montana, Miss Louisiana and Miss Pennsylvania came from Shamokin, Pa., a city of only 22,000, so the railroad alleges.

Miss California, who won second prize, turned out to have come from McAlister, Oklahoma, and the Misses Mississippi, Nevada, Vermont and District of Columbia had embarked from entirely different parts of the country.

Miss Janet Eastment (Miss Texas), who won the contest, receiving the title of "America's Sweetheart," a big silver cup, a crown and $2,500 cash, actually seems to have been a bona-fide product of Fort Worth, Texas. But, alas, she was misbranded in another way. Miss Texas was not a Miss at all but a Mrs., a detail that would have debarred her from the contest had she mentioned it during her stay in Florida.

The Pageant Committee wired *Miss*, or rather Mrs., Texas to please return the trophies and the cash, but the lady's only reply was a telegram explaining that it was all right because she was divorced. The committee held a meeting, reversed its *earlier* decision and declared the previous winners of first and second place "out on fouls," so to speak. This action automatically passed the now somewhat empty honor to Miss Florida, who had won third place and was a *real* Floridian.

Miss Texas, having safely gotten away with the cup, crown and cash, was willing to let it go at that, but Miss California threatens an injunction, if they do not give her the award, claiming that the *committee* must prove that she is not a *Californian*, even if she did come from *Oklahoma*.

On top of this *arrived* a threat from Atlanta, Georgia, *where* half a dozen beautiful *entries from* South America languished *penniless*, hungry and their clothes *wearing* out. These beauties from the *lower* hemisphere, after the contest was over, had started on a hopeful *barn*-storming tour to Hollywood *but had* gone broke in Atlanta, where *there* are no free lodgings except *Uncle* Sam's big "bootleggers' *boarding* house."

They demanded first class passage *to* various ports in South America. *Miami's* aldermen and the pageant committee told the city's corporation counsel that they were not responsible for that barn-storming tour and had advised the girls against it. The corporation counsel has studied the situation and hopes for the best. But the suit is a new one, a sort of combination breach-of-promise, desertion and non-support action, any and all of which are often won without any documentary proof by the plaintiff.

Another worry is the rebellious behavior of Miss Utah, who was not awarded anything by the judges but overruled their decision, "jumped the claim" for "America's Sweetheart" and has been wearing that title herself regardless. Furthermore, she managed to induce Gaston Andrade, in charge of the South American contingent, to appoint her as the one to compete in Rio *de* Janeiro for the title of "Miss Universe" at the forthcoming contest in that city. This free round trip and chance to compete was to have been given to the winner of the Miami contest, which Miss Utah was not.

The man who told on Miss Eastment is a newspaper publisher, R. B. Brossier, of Orlando, Fla. While it pained him to be ungallant to Miss Eastment, of Texas, his civic duty to the State of Florida and the beautiful Miss Margaret Ekdahl (Miss Florida), of Tampa, moved him to expose Miss Texas's rather important slip of memory.

As the cup, crown and cash were already gone, the only substantial thing that remained was that trip to the capital of Brazil. Senor Andrade, as already mentioned, had without authority sent down the name of Miss Beatrice Lee (Miss Utah), of Salt Lake City, but G. A. Trice, president of the committee, had written M. Noite, the Rio de Janeiro newspaper publisher sponsoring the trip, that Miss Eastment was the duly certified winner. Now he was forced to write again, explaining that after all it would be neither Miss Texas nor Miss California nor even Miss Utah who ought to have the long, free sail, but their own Miss Florida.

That letter was hardly in the mail when another thunderstorm broke over the head of the committee, in connection with that same trip. Along with "America's Sweetheart" it had been arranged that another beauty was to travel. This was to be "Miss Latin America" and chosen as the most beautiful among the Latin American entries.

That matter had been duly attended to and the title with its trip rights formally awarded to Miss Melida Boyd (Miss Panama). All was quiet on that particular battle front until Miss Nicaragua read of the disqualification of Miss Texas for matrimony. She pointed out by air mail that Miss Panama, since the contest, had also committed matrimony.

While this, having happened after the contest, would not deprive her of the title of Miss Latin America, it would be wrong to send her to Rio, because, being a matron, she could no longer compete for the Miss Universe honor. Miss Nicaragua demanded that she should be given the trip for two reasons, because she was really "the best looking anyway" and because she had called Miss Panama's marriage to the committee's attention.

Once more Mr. Trice had to write to M. Noite, making clear this new complication and asking which of the Latin-American ladies he preferred to have sent C. O. D. After some time came his answer. The Brazilian's letter was very polite, but anyone reading between the lines could detect a faint note of *sarcasm*, and, perhaps, the suspicion that North Americans must be crazy. He said that the directors of his paper, in consideration of all the remarkable circumstances, had decided not to have anyone from the Miami pageant. They would wait and see what happened at the Texas pageant, where, perhaps, they would be able to come to more permanent and definite decisions as to the winners.

This same Miss Nicaragua, who in private life is Haydee Morales, has a mysterious friend in Atlanta whom the committee would like to get hold of and ask why, in the midst of all their troubles, he played a practical joke on them. This person telegraphed and wrote that Haydee was missing, a lovely, starving beauty who could not speak English, not only broke, like the others, but lost, strayed or stolen in a foreign land!

He begged them to broadcast on the radio a nation-wide appeal to find, feed and shelter the mislaid lady. The kindly committee made haste to put the heart-breaking news on the air, with her description and the fact that she answers to the name Haydee. When this had been done and numerous youths slapped for yelling "Haydee!" at pretty, foreign-looking girls, Senorita Morales wrote that she was not lost at all, and to stop it.

She and her mother were simply stranded with the other Latin Americans at Atlanta. If they were going to send out an S. O. S. please make it for enough money to buy two tickets to Los Angeles, where she would like to see Hollywood and incidentally her Papa, Senor Morales, who is a political refugee from Nicaragua.

There is also a detective mystery connected with the contest. It seems that during the pageant rumors had come to the ears of the committee that some of their beauties had not come to them from the ports of origin advertised. Mr. Trice states that he employed detectives to look into the matter, but that they were unable to find out if anyone was fair but false until after the prizes had been awarded. They were then called off because it would be too late for any information to be of much value.

Naturally, it would have been rude to ask the ladies point blank, but, considering that all the sleuths had to do to find out that a bevy of six belonged in the little town of Shamokin was to ask the railroad, there has been some speculation as to how the gentlemen put in their time, and if they are the same ones who are unable to find anything wrong with the behavior of Al Capone when that famous gang leader and bootleg king makes his unwelcome visits to the city.

California had been rather pleased and surprised that its rival Winter resort had honored it with second prize and only given Florida itself third prize. This looked like a friendly gesture, but when, after Miss Eastment's disqualification, they threw out Miss California, too, on the charge that she really hails from Oklahoma, and declared Florida the winner after all, folks on the Coast were not so pleased.

If there is any evidence to back the claim of Miss Alberta McKellopp, the disqualified Californian entry, that she is a true Californian, who was merely visiting innocently in Oklahoma, there may be interstate hard feeling. However, the only chance of hostilities would be a fruit and vegetable price war in the Eastern markets, which would be quite acceptable to consumers.

The heavy detective work that brought to light Janet Eastment's married status was done by H. F. Baker, formerly chief of police of Orlando, Fla., but now a private detective, of Port Arthur, Tex. At the instigation of Mr. Brossier, he quickly found the record of her marriage to Clement A. Eastment in 1924, in the records of a Texas court house, and forwarded a certified copy of the marriage certificate.

It might be a good idea to send this Mr. Baker to Shamokin and detect who assessed that small place such a disproportionate beauty quota, what he was paid for finding and assembling it and who paid him.

Can it be that there is more beauty per capita in Shamokin than in any other part of the country?

If so, the soil and climate should be studied and perhaps an export tariff set up against it to protect future beauty contests.

In the midst of all the turmoil, someone thought to ask what had become of Miss Utah, the lady who did not like the decision of the judges and without any authentic right announced that she ought to have been chosen "America's Sweetheart" and, like Napoleon, crowned herself with her own fair hands.

It was then discovered that she was serenely on her way to Rio de Janeiro. Nobody knows who is paying her fare nor why, but only that, while others are quarreling, she is on her way. She is somewhat like the girl in the old song:

"Nobody knows her number,
Nobody knows her name,
Nobody knows who buys her clothes,
But she gets there just the same."

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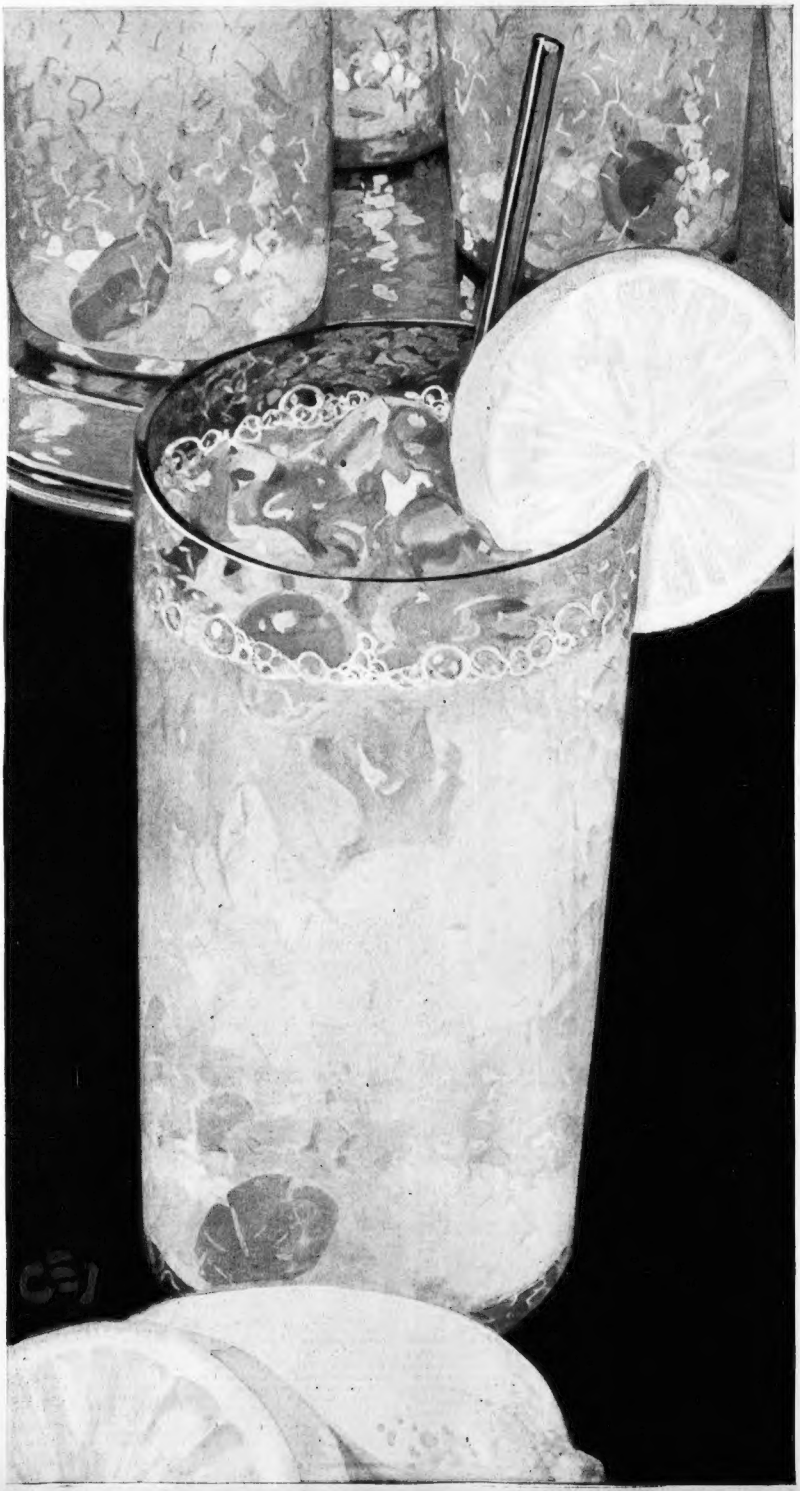
Keeps you fit for summer days!



whether the thermometer is up or down . . . fresh lemonade is *always* healthful, science says

FRESH lemonade is more than merely cold. Its frosty tartness *leaves* you refreshed and comfortable on the hottest days. And it is so healthful, science now says, that you will do well to drink it often—regardless of the weather.

For lemons are among the richest sources of the important vitamin "C". Slight *any* vitamin, science proves, and your health drops under par. And vitamin "C" is the one vitamin most likely to be neglected in modern, careless ways of choosing foods.

You need this particular vitamin every day. You cannot store it in your body for any length of time. A mild form of scurvy, now blamed for many widespread ailments, is the penalty for going long without it.

That explains why liberal and regular drinking of *fresh* lemonade keeps you fit for summer days. It drives away the listless, nervous, "run-down" feeling so many people know. It gives you, also, the beneficial alkaline reaction of citrus fruits. Thus it is a potent preventive and corrective of Acidosis—a common cause of many illnesses.

So drink all you want. Make up a generous pitcherful for all the family to enjoy. The simple method is to add water to fresh lemon juice, sweeten to taste and chill with chopped ice. Serve in tall glasses with a slice of lemon. Many add cherries for their cheeriness—a slice of orange or pineapple—or the juice of other fruits in season. With lemonade as a base, there are countless beverage combinations at your command. In fact, add lemon to *any* cold drink you serve. You'll put freshness in its flavor and make it better for you.

To be sure of fullest juiciness and brightest, wax-like skins, ask for California Sunkist Lemons. They are fresh in the market every day in the year wrapped in tissue bearing the trademark "Sunkist".

New Recipe Booklet

Dozens of delightful fresh fruit drinks are included in the new, *free* booklet, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day". It tells of more than two hundred tried and tested ways to enjoy the healthfulness and flavor of California Sunkist Lemons and Oranges. Just mail the coupon.

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Sunkist *California* Lemons

—BUY THEM BY THE DOZEN

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Guaranteed, neat, strong; only two instantly removable parts to clean under faucet. At your dealer's. Or, for further information, send coupon for *free* copy of the new catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories*.

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Send me FREE, the new booklet, *Sunkist Recipes for Every Day*. You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories*.

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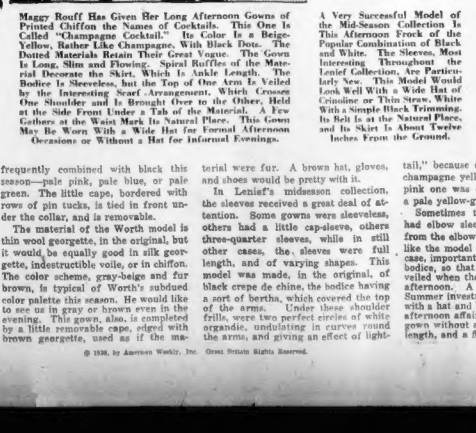
Afternoon Gowns for Early Fall

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

Summer Afternoon Gown in Black Georgette, a Most Practical Material for Street Wear During the Hot Weather. With the Addition of the Pelerine Collar, This Gown Has the Advantage of Being Wearable on the Street Without Coat. It Is Therefore Very Suitable for a Day's Shopping in Town. Its Trimming Consists of Rows of Tiny Tucks, One on Top of the Other, Which Appear in the Peplum of the Bodice and on the Border of the Sleeves. They Also Edge the Little Cape, Which Is Tied in Front, and Is Removable. A Turn-over Collar of White Pique, or White Chiffon, if One Prefers, Gives a Touch of Freshness to the Costume, Which Would Look Well With One of the White Straw Hats So Much in Vogue, and Long White Gloves.

Maggy Rouff Has Given Her Long Afternoon Gowns of Printed Chiffon the Names of Cocktails. This One Is Called "Champagne Cocktail." Its Color Is a Beige-Yellow, Rather Like Champagne, With Black Dots. The Dotted Materials Retain Their Great Vogue. The Gown Is Long, Slim and Flowing. Spiral Ruffles of the Material Decorate the Skirt, Which Is Ankle Length. The Bodice Is Sleeveless, but the Top of One Arm Is Veiled by the Interesting Scarf Arrangement, Which Crosses One Shoulder and Is Brought Over to the Other, Held at the Side Front Under a Tab of the Material. A Few Gathers at the Waist Mark Its Natural Place. This Gown May Be Worn With a Wide Hat for Formal Afternoon Occasions or Without a Hat for Informal Evenings.

Another Version of the Little Cape, So Useful on Warm Days, as it Replaces the Much Warmer Jacket to Advantage. This Costume Is Made of Thin Wool Georgette, in the Original Model, but It Would Be Equally Good in Chiffon, Indestructible Voile, or in Silk Georgette. The Color is Beige-Grey Becoming to Most Complexions. The Skirt Is in Two Circular Frills, Falling From a Trim Skirt Yoke Cut in Sections. The Yoke, in an Unusual Shape, Which Appears on the Bodice, Is in Brown Georgette, Used Like Fur. A Brown Hat, Gloves and Shoes Might Complete the Costume. This Combination of the Two Neutral Tones, Brown and Grey, Is Typical of Worth's Color Schemes This Season.



A Very Successful Model of the Mid-Season Collection Is This Afternoon Frock of the Popular Combination of Black and White. The Sleeves, Most Interesting Throughout the Lenief Collection, Are Particularly New. This Model Would Look Well With a Wide Hat of Crinoline or Thin Straw, White With a Simple Black Trimming. Its Belt Is at the Natural Place, and Its Skirt Is About Twelve Inches From the Ground.

PARIS, Aug. 1.

THE fuller, longer mode has brought a revival of the thin Summer materials into wear. Chiffon, silk voile, georgette, are seen as often, or even more often, than our former favorite crepe de chine. White the patterned materials have their faithful advocates, the plain, one-colored fabrics are perhaps even smarter this Summer, for the general tendency is away from printed stuffs and towards plain. The printed frock, or frock and jacket, undoubtedly has its place in the Summer wardrobe, because it shows both soil and creases less than the plain. The Paris couturiers are still combining the two, each designer exercising his ingenuity to find different ways of using both materials in one model.

Of the models on this page, two are in plain georgette, one in crepe de chine, and the fourth in printed chiffon. The models from Cheruit and Worth both show the little capes that are the rage this Summer, and that permit of the gown being worn in the street without an extra wrap. The Cheruit one is in black georgette, trimmed with tiny hand-run tucks in rows, and, worn with turn-over collar of white pique to give a touch of freshness. If this gown is worn to an afternoon affair, the collar of pique might be replaced by one of georgette, chiffon, or handkerchief linen, in white, or in any one of the pale colors that are so frequently combined with black this season—pale pink, pale blue, or pale green. The little cape, bordered with rows of pin tucks, is tied in front under the collar, and is removable.

The material of the Worth model is thin wool georgette, in the original, but it would be equally good in silk georgette, indestructible voile, or in chiffon. The color scheme, gray-beige and fur brown, is typical of Worth's subdued color palette this season. He would like to see us in gray or brown even in the evening. This gown, also, is completed by a little removable cape, edged with brown georgette, used as if the material were fur. A brown hat, gloves, and shoes would be pretty with it.

In Lenief's midseason collection, the sleeves received a great deal of attention. Some gowns were sleeveless, others had a little cap-sleeve, others three-quarter sleeves, while in still other cases, the sleeves were full length, and of varying shapes. This model was made, in the original, of black crepe de chine, the bodice having a sort of bertha, which covered the top of the arms. Under these shoulder frills, were two perfect circles of white organdie, undulating in curves round the arms, and giving an effect of lightness and grace to the frock that was very summery. This is the most original pair of sleeves that I have seen in Paris this season.

At Maggy Rouff's there were many long, flowing afternoon gowns in printed chiffons, most of the patterns being small, discreet, and often conventional instead of flowery. She gave cocktail names to this type of gown. The one sketched is called "Champagne Cocktail," because of the color, which is a champagne yellow, with black dots. A pink one was called "Rose Cocktail;" a pale yellow-green, "Martini."

Sometimes these "cocktail" gowns had elbow sleeves with long flounces from the elbow; others were sleeveless, like the model sketched. In the latter case, important scarfs were part of the bodice, so that the shoulders might be veiled when the gown was worn in the afternoon. A frock like this is a good Summer investment, as it may be worn with a hat and long gloves for a formal afternoon affair, or as a simple evening gown without a hat. The skirt is ankle length, and a fluttery effect is given to it by the circular ruffles, set on in becoming spiral lines.

At the important events of the Parisian Summer season, many printed chiffon gowns on these lines were seen. Their color schemes were usually very restrained, black and white being a favorite combination. They were invariably worn with wide hats, simply trimmed, the brims often wider on the right side than on the left. Long gloves, wrinkled on the wrist, and worn below the elbow, were a usual accompaniment.

The newest creations of all the Paris style salons indicate that the happy rivalry between two-piece frocks and one-piece frocks will be carried over from the Summer season into Autumn. More often than not, these dresses, whether they are of the one-piece or the two-piece type, will be augmented by belts of either matching or contrasting material.

One of the most popular two-piece models which seem destined to hold their popularity well into the Fall is a creation of tussore in pale yellow-green from the workshops of Ytob. The blouse, which is somewhat longer than most of the blouses in the current mode, is fitted closely to the hips and belted at the waist, but only in the back. The belt, a narrow double strip of tussore, is ornamented by an oval buckle of amber.

Another costume that probably will enjoy its Summertime popularity during the crisp days of early Fall is a two-piece affair of cream-white tussore which has an Eton jacket worn over a sleeveless frock.

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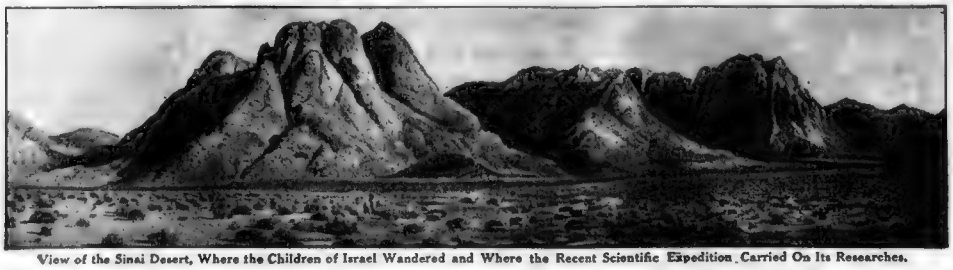
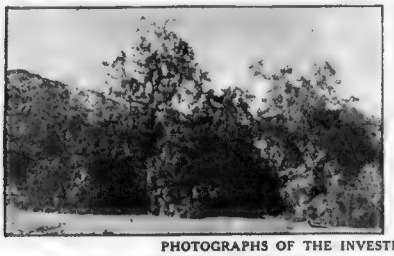
Science Explains the Bible Miracle of the Manna

An Expedition fro University of Jerusa Wilderness Where Children of Israel "Bread from Heav Nature Still Proc

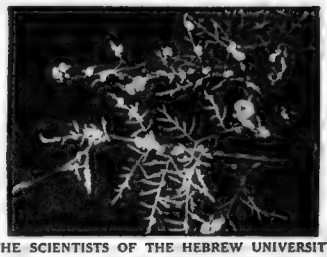


View of the Sinai Desert, Where the Children of Israel Wandered and Where the Recent Scientific Expedition Carried On Its Researches.



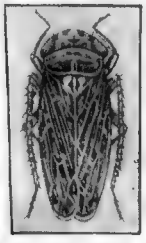
Tamarisk, or Manna Bushes, of the Sinai Desert.

Greatly Enlarged Microphotograph of the Little Insect Scale Which Stings the Tamarisk Bush.



Branches of the Tamarisk Bush Exuding Manna After the Insect Has Been at Work on It.

Manna Crystals in the Shape the Israelite Heats Probably Found Them on the Desert.



A Leaf Bag Which Also Produces Manna on Some of the Desert Plants.

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JERUSALEM, Palestine, July 10.

ONE of the great outstanding events of Bible history, an event that lives in the memory of every person familiar with the Scriptures, is the wonderful "rain of manna" by which the children of Israel were saved from starvation and death in the desert of Sinai.

Ever since scientific Biblical criticism has been permissible, there has been a discussion of the possible natural explanation of the remarkable phenomenon described in the Bible.

Fundamentalists and persons who believe in the literal accuracy of the King James version in the most rigid sense have, of course, asserted that the manna was sent directly out of the skies in answer to the prayer of Moses. But this explanation has not satisfied inquiring minds for many years. It was asserted and generally believed in the nineteenth century that manna was a desert lichen called, botanically, Lecanora esculenta, and many other explanations were also advanced.

The new Hebrew University of Jerusalem decided that it was very interesting and important to settle this question and sent a well-equipped scientific expedition for this purpose to the desert of Sinai, under the leadership of Professors Friedrich Simon Bodenheimer and Oskar Theodor. They have finally made their report and decided that the manna must have been the sap of the tamarisk bushes gathered and then secreted in the bushes by certain insects. It falls to the ground and can be picked up in large quantities in the morning, as the Israelites did. The account of the manna in the Bible is confirmed in every respect by these scientists, when it is interpreted in a scholarly manner.

The substance is still known as "man" by the wild Bedouins of Sinai and sometimes eaten by them. This fact was known to some earlier investigators, but its production seemed inconsistent with the description of manna in the Bible. The scientists of the Hebrew University have now decided that a corrected reading of the Biblical account makes it clear that this material was the manna described in the book of Exodus. The fact that it was found in the morning must be accepted as a partial explanation of the Biblical statement that it came from heaven.

The scientists report that the manna is the same substance known in other countries as honeydew, but it has a special appearance in Sinai owing to the climate. It is a sweet excretion of plant lice of the Aphidae family and scale insects or bark-lice of the Coccidae family.

Two scale insects were found to be mainly responsible for the production of manna, known respectively as Trabutina mannipara, occuring in the lowlands, and Najacoccus serpentinus (small variety), occurring in the mountains. Two insects of the Cicada family and others were also observed to produce manna, but to a lesser extent. But for these insects the Israelites would have perished and the history of the world would have been different.

All these insects lived on a tamarisk bush called Tamarix nilotica var. mannifera. No manna was observed on any other kind of tamarisk, although there are many kinds of them on Sinai.

The scientists observed the actual secretion by the insects of sweet clear fluid and proved by experiment that the fluid is formed in the sap vessels of the plant. It flows downward with the current of sap that bears the food substances made in the leaves towards the roots of the plants.

The investigators proved this by ringing the bark of branches on which the insects were feeding. When the bark was ringed below they kept on producing manna as though nothing had happened. But when the ring was cut above them, stopping the downward food bearing sap flow, the manna production also stopped.

A chemical analysis of the manna demonstrated the presence of cane sugar, glucose, fructose and other substances. Pectines, the substance that causes fruit juice to jell, were also found. Manna was proved to be a useful food substance.

The Biblical account of the fall of manna is first given in the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus. The Israelites, after their escape from bondage in Egypt and their marvelous crossing of the Red Sea, found themselves in a terrible position as they wandered through the nearly treeless, waterless and lifeless desert of Sinai on their way to the Promised Land.

The famished sufferers began to murmur against their splendid leader, Moses, and to express regret that they had left the "flesh pots" or comforts of Egypt. But Moses always found a way out of every difficulty and held them on their way to the Promised Land.

The sixteenth chapter of Exodus says:

"And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness:

"And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

"I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel: speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God.

"And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay round about the host.

"And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground.

"And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.

"This is the thing which the Lord hath commanded, Gather of it every man according to his eating, an omer for every man, according to the number of your persons; take ye every man for them which are in his tents.

"And the children of Israel did eat manna for forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna, until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan."

The scientists planned to retrace as far as practicable the footsteps of Moses and the Israelites in the wilderness and examine the very spots where the Bible speaks of the manna as coming from heaven. The account of their travels contains much of personal as well as scientific interest.

They went by a steamship of the Khedivial Mail Line from Suez to Tor, a central point of southern Sinai, where they landed. There are only a few houses there, which stand out against a monotonous plain relieved by the mighty silhouette of Mt. Sinai in the background—the mountain where the Lord descended and spoke to Moses. To the south of Tor lies the important quarantine station established in modern times for Mohammedan pilgrims on their way to Mecca. On the morning following their arrival the scientists flew to a region of sand dunes in the north. The terrible lack of water was apparent in every direction and explained eloquently how the Israelites must have suffered in their wanderings.

A Modern Bedouin Camp in the Desert Among the Manna Bushes as They Still Exist Today.

A farm established by the Government in this region had almost completely dried up for lack of water. They saw a few miserable examples of tamarisks, caper trees, pomegranates, date palms and other trees, the relics of many attempts to promote cultivation. The poor farmer said the place was giving worse results every year on account of the bad water and great quantity of salt in the earth.

They also noticed a remarkable lack of animal life, which must have been a great affliction to the much tried Israelites. All the animals they found on the ground were some small lizards hiding themselves under the stones. Flying insects were, however, numerous. A large grayish yellow wasp, identified as Bembex dahlbohmi, buzzed threateningly over their heads and other winged insects pestered them. There were a few grasshoppers on the dunes and some big robber flies. The scientists were not at all surprised that the Israelites murmured frequently.

Two miles north of Tor they found a wadi, or dried water course, in which were a few groups of palms and tamarisk bushes as high as a man. Here they found a little Greek monastery and a hot spring. On the tamarisk bushes they saw vast numbers of the plant lice already mentioned as the chief manna makers, called Trabutina mannipara and Najacoccus serpentinus. Here they were able to observe for the first time the actual production of manna. From the opening in the skin of the insects came drops of a sweet syrupy liquid varying in size from a pinhead to a pea. Some bushes were spotted all over with drops shining in the sun. The excretion was seen especially on the Trabutina insect with which the bush was thickly covered.

They entered into negotiations with the monastery to help them look for manna deposits. The monastery demanded a large price—$25 a day for a caravan to assist them in their search. They then applied to the chief official of Tor, named Yusbashi Ahmed Mohammed, who supplied one leader camel, three burden camels, one water

in the Desert

m the Hebrew lem Explores the Moses and the Were Fed by en"---And Find ucing It Now

"GATHERING MANNA IN THE DESERT," the Well-Known Painting by Robusti, the Venetian Painter.

THE "BREAD FROM HEAVEN"

odus, Chapter XVI., Verses 4, 14, 15.

Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I rain bread from heaven for you; and the peo- shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, I may prove them, whether they will walk in aw, or no.

And when the dew that lay was gone up, id, upon the face of the wilderness there lay all round thing, as small as the hoar frost on ground.

And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna; for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.

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camel and a servant for the moderate price of $7 a day. The chief priest at the monastery then became friendly and entertained them for the night.

During the night they were interested, though not delighted, to meet a vast number of specimens of Periplaneta Americana, which is the scientific name for the American cockroach. Then they traveled with their guide Salem and their caravan through the desert of Kaa, the worst part of the country covered by Moses and the Israelites. They journeyed on towards the outlet of the Wadi Isle at the bottom of Mt. Sinai. More and more they understood the sufferings of the Israelites. The water they carried soon became too hot

rink. After a time, however, they followed lexample of the Bedouins and kept it in leather ks in the shadow of the camel packs, but exed to the moving air, which kept the water markably cool.

For many miles the vegetation consisted enely of a very degraded species of uneatable bbage bearing a bladder-like fruit. No animal e could be seen, as the terrible winds kept any eatures that might be there out of sight. They ticed in the desert only some grasshoppers and ry small insects.

Near the foot of the mountain called Jebel khmar they saw a few lizards of the Lacertidae mily. There were spots where the vegetation as quite abundant and near the entrance of adi Isle there was a surprising growth of flowing shrubs and many insects.

After this they encountered some of the rkable thorn bushes called Acacia tortilis, hich have thorns as long as a man's fingers. hese had no doubt added greatly to the suffer- g of the Israelites. They were covered with nt lice the color of coffee and milk. Wasps d other large insects were thirstily sucking the ice of these plant lice. The wasps had better portunities to quench their thirst than men.

Soon after entering the Wadi Isle, the scients discovered traces of water. Palm trees, per trees and retama bushes grew beside the at towering natural walls of granite. In the ater they found many larvae of mosquitoes, owing that these had been among the numer- s pests from which the Israelites suffered. The atering places were very far apart. Near one the largest they saw some miserable zebus, or ttle, brought from India as an experiment and ned to rapid extinction.

Tamarisk bushes with much manna on them re numerous in Wadi Isle, and in some places med impenetrable thickets. The temperature s to 108 degrees F. and as they had left the ding sea winds far behind, they suffered eadily. They rested at midday at a water hole ge the Bedouins found fresh water a foot a half down. There they saw many speci- s of the manna producing insects on the hes. The vegetation around the water hole s quite abundant. In addition to the tama- s, there were wild figs and habak, which is kind of mint. A blue-headed agama lizard ut hopping past them.

On the following day, after riding through a onotonous desert, they reached the oasis of adi Nasib, where a Bedouin named Salem hmed, a former convent servant, had made a tle farm. Here they remained a whole day to udy the manna secretion. The farmer told them some interesting facts known to the natives about its production. The Bedouins have always looked upon it as a useful form of food in case of shortage of provisions and as a valuable medicine.

The next stop on their journey was at the convent of St. Catherine, near the Jebel Musa, or the Mountain of Moses. At Der-es-Arbain they saw a prehistoric altar, perhaps used by the Israelites and where the Bedouins still make sacrifices of animals. They then passed on to the Rock of Moses and the formation known as Aaron's Chapel.

Soon after passing the latter place they found a clump of tamarisks in which they saw so much manna glistening in the sun that they remained here for several days, as they found it a splendid opportunity to gather the stuff. Their difficulties were increased by the fact that the camel drivers did not consider picking up manna an occupation worthy of free men. It was a gloomy region, for there were few birds and absolutely no song birds.

The next day they journeyed on to Feiran, where the desert became very oppressive. They saw evidences of the existence of mammals here, but they rarely saw the animals, for they concealed themselves underground in the heat of the day. The principal animals of the higher order were mice, gazelles, iltis and jerboas. On a haloxylon bush they found specimens of a foam-like kind of manna they had not seen before, indicating that there may be several forms of manna not yet investigated.

After days of wandering through the burning desert, the scientists were delighted to encounter in the Wadi Shellah, a newly opened manganese mine where the chief engineer treated them to ice-cool drinks. After this they were compelled to hurry back to Suez for a time because they had received the news of a disastrous earthquake in Palestine.

On the way back to Suez they stopped in the Wadi Karandel, the most northerly point where the Najacoccus plant louse was found and where this insect was busily producing manna.

The next day they entered the oasis of Ain Musa, which, according to the tradition still believed by the natives, is the place where Moses turned the water sweet for the benefit of the murmuring Israelites, as described in Exodus, chapter 15, verses 23 to 27.

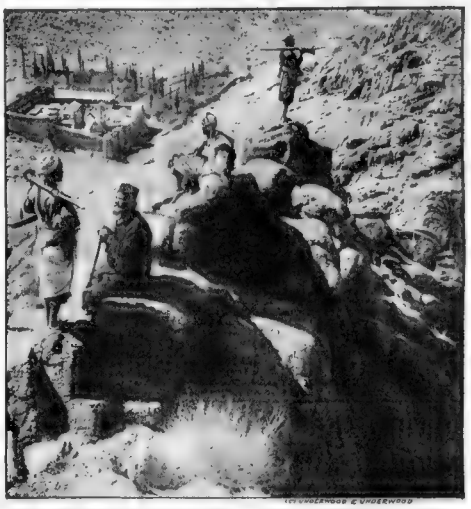
Later, during their investigations, they found that the temperature on the high ground of Sinai often rises to 134 degrees and on the desert to 140 degrees. The humidity in the latter place is often 79 per cent. A study of the fossil remains showed that for countless ages there has always been a remarkable scarcity of animal life on the peninsula of Sinai. The rainfall has always been remarkably low, as it is today. The native vegetation is extremely scanty, and the only dependable tree or bush is the tamarisk.

Deadly snakes are numerous in northern Sinai, but the southern part of the peninsula is too uncomfortable for them. Locusts of a very destructive variety are numerous, like many other injurious insect pests, and bury themselves in the ground at the foot of the tamarisk trees. Mosquitoes of many species are abundant at the oases, and the anopheles species, which causes malaria, is found there.

A very remarkable fact noted by the scientists was that the Bedouins of this desert knew that mosquitoes cause malaria and said their ancestors had always known it. It will be remembered that it was only a generation ago that European and American scientists identified the mosquito as the cause of this disease. They believed they had made a remarkable discovery.

The scientists in their report discuss the many previous attempts to explain the nature of manna. As long ago as 1591, Prospero Alpino, an Italian, mentioned the fact that manna was gathered on Sinai and sold in Cairo. He said it was gathered on the mandibles of the grasshopper or some other insect, and for religious reasons he did not venture to suggest that it was the manna said to have been brought down by Moses. It was extremely dangerous at that time to offer explanations of statements in the Bible.

Dr. Seetzen, writing in 1808, is said to have been the first to write of manna being found on tamarisk bushes. But he did not believe it was the manna described by Moses because he did not see how it could have been ground into bread, as is stated in the Book of Exodus. He mentions especially finding large quantities of this manna on the tamarisk bushes near Ain Musa.



The Little Monastery in the Desert at the Base of Mount Sinai, Where Some Twenty Monks Manage to Exist and Are on Friendly Terms With the Murderous Bedouins, Who Occasionally Call on Them.

A few years later, in 1812, Dr. J. L. Burckhardt visited the same localities and gave this description of the manna seen by Dr. Seetzen:

"The substance is called by the Bedouins 'man' and accurately resembles the description of manna given in the Scriptures. In the month of June it drops from the thorns of the tamarisks upon the fallen leaves, twigs and stones which always cover the ground beneath that tree in the natural state; the manna is collected before sunrise, when it is coagulated, but it dissolves as soon as the sun shines upon it. The Arabs clear away the dirt, etc., which has adhered to it, strain it through a coarse piece of cloth and put it into leathern skins; in this way they preserve it until the following year, and use it as they do honey to pour into their unleavened bread or dip their bread into. I could not learn that they ever make it into cakes or loaves. The manna is found only in years when copious rains have fallen; sometimes it is not produced at all, as will probably happen this year.

"I saw none of it among the Arabs, but I obtained a small piece of last year's produced in the convent; here, having been kept in the cool shade and moderate temperature of that place, it had become quite solid and formed a small cake; it becomes soft when kept for some time in the hand; if placed in the sun for five minutes it dissolved; but when restored to a cool place it became solid again in a quarter of an hour. In the season at which the Arabs gather it, it never acquires that state of hardness which will allow of its being pounded, as the Israelites are said to have done in Numbers, chapter 11, verse 8. Its color is a dirty yellow, and the piece which I saw was still mixed with bits of tamarisk leaves; its taste was agreeable, somewhat aromatic, and as sweet as honey. If eaten in any considerable quantity it is said to be slightly purgative."

The nutritious value of manna is only moderate, as it contains no proteins, and it is hard to understand how it could have been the principal nourishment of several hundred thousand human beings which, according to the older chroniclers, was the number of Israelites who wandered through the desert of Sinai.

The scientists of the recent expedition go into this question and admit that no natural explanation of the manna phenomenon can be furnished if all the statements in the Bible are accepted literally, but they show that various changes have been made in the Scriptural narrative since it was first written, and that statements like "I will rain bread from heaven" must be taken in a figurative or poetical sense. There is no ground for believing that the manna could have supported six hundred thousand men, as stated in Exodus, but it might have been of valuable help in keeping alive a very few thousand.

The peninsula of Sinai is now inhabited by 5,000 Bedouins, who lead a miserable life, and very few more could live there under present conditions. There is no reason to believe that a better climate or conditions have existed there at any time in the past, no matter how far back you go. Professor Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, the famous British Egyptologist, has estimated that the Israelites in Sinai numbered 600 families.

Professor Kautzsch and other scholars of the famous Tubingen school have shown that the passage in the Bible describing the manna was rewritten and much changed in the early centuries of the Christian church—about the fourth century. There is no reason to believe that the Israelites lived only on quails and manna as stated in Exodus. The Hebrew text speaks of their having meat and other food.

The Book of Exodus mentions night as th

Continued on Page 13

The Golden Cat — by Max Brand

A Tale of Love, Thrills and Mystery in the Mountains of the West

Rourke Shot Out His Hand and Fastened It in Cattrin's Shoulder.

Edmund Frederick

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible] Rourke [illegible] Ruth Derrick [illegible] Rourke [illegible] Ruth Derrick [illegible] Rourke [illegible] Rourke [illegible] Rourke

Hollywood's Beauty Advisers...
76 out of 80... recommend Palmolive

Beauty experts in Screenland's capital urge same home treatment advised by 23,720 of the world's beauty specialists

HOLLYWOOD is "up" on beauty treatments. Beauty experts must know the best methods of keeping skin lovely—for some of the world's most famous complexions are entrusted to their care.

"We have to keep abreast of the treatments in vogue on the Continent," say the heads of the Weaver-Jackson Company (that's one of the great beauty organizations in the west), "because our patronage is so cosmopolitan. And of these, quite the most famous is the Palmolive treatment, which we, of course, recommend."

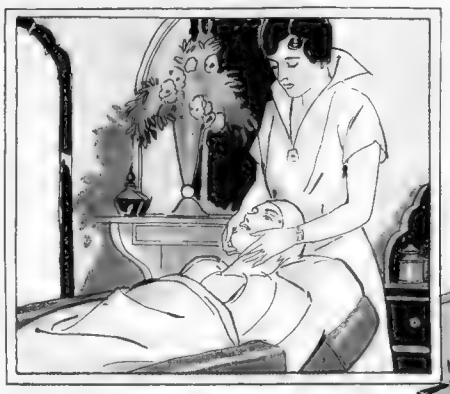
Simplicity—the new keynote in good looks

A new age has ushered in new standards of beauty. Artificiality has gone. Nowadays, the smart woman knows she must look natural, unaffected, girlishly charming. And the means to that end is a simple treatment, which takes just a few minutes a day.

You make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, just lukewarm). Massage this into the skin with both hands. Rinse it off—and along with it come the dirt and dangerous secretions that often are the beginning of blackheads if they're left in the pores. Use warm water graduated to cold. That makes a refreshing tonic. And you're ready, now, for make-up.

Not only in Hollywood, you know

This beauty rule is so widespread that you'll find it being practiced by lovely women in England, France, Italy, Spain, Germany—wherever modern ideas of beauty flourish. More than 23,000 beauty experts advise it. Many of them have been doing so for years and years. They consider it ideal for bath as well as face—and so do their patrons. Isn't it a comfort to know that you can follow the world's favorite beauty treatment with no extra expense? For Palmolive costs even less than ordinary soaps. It's just 10 cents the cake. Try using it in the Hollywood treatment tonight!



The celebrated Weaver-Jackson Beauty Shops realize the importance of home care of the skin. That is why they urge the use of Palmolive

Hollywood! Mecca of beauty. With the most exacting beauty standards in the world. Here, if anywhere, the beauty expert is in demand, and here 76 out of 80 beauty experts advise Palmolive Soap "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Jim's is a rendezvous for the social as well as theatrical world about Hollywood. James Simonelli (the famous "Jim") agrees with the leading beauty experts all over the world who recommend Palmolive.

The famous Hepner, of Hollywood, says, "It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate.

Many of your favorite stars entrust their beauty to Madame Zollars of the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, who says, "Vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. That is why we say 'Use Palmolive.'"

The entrance to Hepner's Hollywood salon is Spanish—characteristic of the favorite note in Southern California architecture

At the Roosevelt Hotel in Los Angeles, Ruby Hime presides over the beauty salon. "We specify Palmolive," says Miss Hime.

The Ann Meredith Beauty Parlor in Hollywood is managed by Mrs. Evelyn Cassidy, who is enthusiastic about Palmolive Soap.

Great names
among the 23,720 beauty experts recommending Palmolive Soap

ROSE LAIRD of New York . . . whose salon, overlooking Central Park, attracts the very smartest of the Manhattan social and theatrical world

MADAME SEILER of Geneva . . . beauty specialist to wives of diplomats, herself a student of medicine as well as a beautician.

CARSTEN of Berlin . . . the celebrated Figaro, a leading light in the social world of the German capital, head of the best known Berlin salon.

NIRAUS of Madrid . . . Names of Royalty appear frequently among his patrons. He is a specialist in skin care.

PESSL of Vienna and Budapest . . . The House of Pessl has served the aristocracy of three nations for more than 100 years.

EUGENIO of Milan . . . In the thriving metropolis of northern Italy Eugenio's beauty authority is undisputed.

Let your beauty expert serve you as these specialists serve their distinguished clients. The services of a professional expert can help you to keep your beauty untouched by the passing years.

6078

Retail Price 10c

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

WEN Don Lorenzo de Cortez, a handsome wealthy, blonde [illegible] village in England where she lived with her Aunt Agatha and met Noel Berkeley, a [illegible] with the command alone and [illegible] Isabel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Thousands of people yearly pick up "Athlete's Foot" disease from the edges of swimming pools and bathhouse floors, where the germs abound

You may contract "Athlete's Foot" by exposing your feet to even the cleanest of locker-room floors and shower baths

20 MILLION FEET INFECTED

by ringworm germ these barefoot days

Don't let the germ of "ATHLETE'S FOOT" *infect you on your holiday*

Healthful recreation may be followed by ringworm infection—picked up on damp dressing-room floors

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay

THE ringworm germ is running wild. More than 10,000,000 people are infected, according to government reports.

"Toe Itch"—"Golf Itch"—"Athlete's Foot"—they're merely different names for the same kind of foot trouble, now spreading like wild-fire, and all caused by a tiny fungous germ generally known as *tinea trichophyton.*

This parasite swarms in the very places where we all go for health, cleanliness and recreation. Vacation days are big days in the life of this little parasite because it lurks and thrives on the damp floors of bath houses, locker and dressing rooms; at beaches; around swimming pools; in golf and tennis quarters—and is picked up and tracked into countless homes.

Many fail to recognize the danger signals* of itching, cracked or peeling feet but *half the population has it at some time, according to health authorities.*

Absorbine Jr. Kills This Germ—Keep A Bottle At Home—Carry It Always With You

Take Absorbine Jr. with you on your vacation—have it always in the home—for laboratory tests show that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply, and that wherever it penetrates it KILLS *tinea trichophyton,* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to thousands who have worried over a threatening foot condition—ample warning to those who will be exposing bare feet to infected places during these recreation days. *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.** Watch out for *redness,* particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a *moist, thick skin* condition—or a *dryness* with little scales.

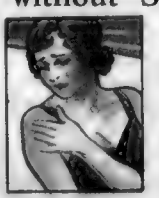
How to Use Absorbine Jr.

Read the symptoms* on this page. At the first sign of *any one* of them begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the feet. Douse it on *full strength* morning and night. And it's not a bad idea, also, to apply it *after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
397 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Get Sunshine-Health without Sunburn-Hurt



Absorbine Jr. is so cooling; so soothing, that it is used everywhere as the safe, *sure* relief for sunburn. Splash it on arms, neck, shoulders, legs—any part of your body after exposure. Now, you can soak up the health-giving rays of the sun—develop attractive tan with comfort. Apply Absorbine Jr. each time you come out of the sun—no unpleasant odor; greaseless; stainless. Effective too, for insect bites. Take a bottle with you wherever you go.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 14)

...ight, the fear, that you might turn against me if I delivered him up. It was the risk of being charged as an accessory after the fact by giving him to make his escape."

"It was splendid of you!" exclaimed Isabel impulsively. "How can I ever repay you?"

"You are going to repay me by giving me yourself," Don Lorenzo said calmly. "Noel Berkeley has abandoned you, has given you to me as the price of his freedom."

Isabel's pale face went paler still as she realized the significance of the words, and her hands went convulsively to her breast.

"But what I am Noel's wife," she faltered after a tense pause.

On Don Lorenzo's smooth countenance there came no change. "I will force me to the sacrifice myself to save Noel."

"Listen, Isabel dear, and do not look so scared and horrified," responded Don Lorenzo gently. "Noel Berkeley—if that is his name—there was a different name on the passport he had in his possession—deceived you from the first, and I judge that he meant to use you as a decoy."

"A decoy?" repeated Isabel. "What do you mean?"

"You were to be encouraged to attract men such as I, men of wealth and position, in order that Berkeley might blackmail and fleece them," explained Lorenzo. "He has lived by blackmail, fraud and theft for years."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Isabel, aghast.

"It happens to be true," said Lorenzo. "He is a daring and dangerous criminal, and I have been lacking in my duty to society to aid him to escape justice. His identity may be established, for your police are clever than is generally believed, and at any minute you may find yourself called upon to tell what you know about Berkeley and—"

"I—I will not be called upon to do that," said Isabel hastily. "I shall not see my husband again."

"My dear Isabel, a few adroit questions put by astute detectives would quickly make it evident that you were perjuring yourself, and you would be forced to admit that your husband committed a burglary and shot a detective."

Isabel knew that was true, and the prospect struck terror into her heart.

"I couldn't do it," she exclaimed vehemently. "I—I would do anything to save him from—from—"

"So you must," pounded Don Lorenzo firmly. "For your own sake, for the police are relentless, for if you do not your husband will be convicted of crime and—"

"You could not face the ordeal of being pointed out as the wife of a [illegible] Isabel. "I forbid you to speak to me of this again. Noel has surrendered you to me and gone out of your life for ever. Think of him as one dead. Think of your life with him as the shadow of a dream. Come with me, Isabel, and enjoy the love and happiness for which you were created. You will come."

He took Isabel's hands as he spoke and drew her gently toward him.

"Why hesitate, darling?" he continued gently. "Why have any scruples? You are going to fulfil your destiny. Even if this had not happened, you would inevitably have answered the call of love, and given yourself to me. Now you have every excuse."

"But I—I shall be sinning if I consent," protested Isabel tremulously, with tears in her eyes.

"You will be sinning against yourself if you decline," responded Don Lorenzo. "You will be trying to cheat the fates, for it was predestined that you would be mine. You will come?"

"I seem to have no alternative," exclaimed Isabel brokenly, choking with emotion. "I can't bear the thought of denouncing Noel. I could not, dare not face the shame and horror of what might follow. I am helpless. Yes, I—I will come."

"Bien!" ejaculated Don Lorenzo, and drew a great breath of relief. "Dry your tears, Isabel darling, and compose yourself. You have nothing to fear from me, caro mio. I promise you that I will not claim my reward until we are safe in Spain, so you will have time to accustom yourself to the idea of belonging to me, time to put all thoughts of Noel Berkeley out of your mind and banish all regrets."

As he spoke he drew Isabel gently into his arms, kissed her brow, and caressed her hair, murmuring soft words of endearment as he did so, much in the manner of a parent caressing and soothing a frightened child. And Isabel took heart of grace.

"Now I must go," he said as he disengaged himself from her arms. "Pack up your belongings and be in readiness to leave for Paris by the evening boat train from Victoria. I will get documents from the Spanish Embassy which will make passports unnecessary."

"I have a passport," said Isabel. "Noel intended spending part of our honeymoon in Paris and got a passport for me, but we changed our plans and remained in London."

"Your passport might lead to difficulties and complications, particularly if the police have discovered the identity of the man guilty of the Mingleham Court crime," responded Don Lorenzo. "It will be safer to travel as the Senora de Cortez and with diplomatic privileges. Leave everything to me. I will send my servants for your luggage during the afternoon, and will call for you early in the evening. Be of good cheer, Isabel mine. Adieu!"

He kissed her hand, bowed with characteristic gallantry, and took his leave.

"Oh, I know I have done wrong," whimpered Isabel. "Is there no way of escape?"

CHAPTER IV.

Escape.

ALL day she went in terror of the police arriving at the flat to question her, and mingled with her apprehension in that connection was dread of her own future. Yet it was with something akin to relief that she greeted Lorenzo when he called for her shortly before seven o'clock in the evening.

"So far all is well, Isabel," he said. "It seems evident that the police have no clue as to the identity of the man who committed the crime at Mingleham Court, judging at least by the latest reports in the evening papers. They have detained a man on suspicion, but they have got the wrong man."

"He may be an accomplice who will give information," suggested Isabel.

"Berkeley told me he was working alone, and he was probably telling the truth for once, in a way," Lorenzo responded. "Even if his identity is established, the police will probably search England for him, and it is highly improbable that they will be able to trace you after you disappear from here tonight. You cease to be Mrs. Noel Berkeley from now, my Isabel. I have your papers here, in which you are officially described as Isabel de Cortez, wife of Don Lorenzo Fernando de Cortez."

"I have explained to my friends at the Spanish Embassy that you are a young Spanish lady whom I have secretly married, and hinted that you had run away from a convent to become my wife," he continued half smilingly. "I begged them to keep my marriage a secret for the present. Fortunately it did not occur to them to ask for our marriage certificate."

"You are making mock of me!" Isabel protested, the hot blush of shame crimsoning her pale face.

"Nothing is further from my thoughts, beloved," Don Lorenzo assured her quickly and emphatically. "I have been endeavoring to insure your safety. In the event of the police attempting to trace you, it is not for a young Spanish lady they will seek, and it is highly improbable that anyone will dream of Mrs. Noel Berkeley being in any way associated with the Senora de Cortez. I suggest that we talk in Spanish from now onward when we are in public, and you might even pretend to have some little difficulty in understanding English. You understand?"

"I shall feel like a criminal myself, and shall fancy everyone is regarding me with suspicion," said Isabel, without answering the question directly.

"Once you are out of England, Isabel, you will feel safe," responded Lorenzo reassuringly. "I have thought of everything, believe, and arranged everything. Looked out on the trains, cabins on the cross-channel boat, and instructed a firm of solicitors to settle your accounts here. My car is waiting outside, Isabel, and you have only to put on your hat now to begin a new life."

He had not been boasting when he said he had thought of everything, as Isabel discovered when she went down with him to the car a few minutes later.

"Hand out the senora's coat," Don Lorenzo ordered, and the chauffeur at once handed out a sable coat, which must have cost a small fortune. "You will find it cold traveling by night, Isabel, so I bought this to keep you warm," Lorenzo said simply in a low voice, as he helped Isabel into the coat of sables before handing her into the car.

Again Isabel felt as if she were living in a dream as the big limousine purred its way swiftly to Victoria, where she was to find that Don Lorenzo had, indeed, "thought of everything," having, in advance, reserved a table and ordered dinner at the Grosvenor Hotel, adjoining the station.

"I guessed that you had probably had nothing to eat all day, Isabel, and now that the strain is over you must take a little nourishment to sustain you on the long journey that lies before you," he said smilingly in Spanish, as they were escorted to their table. "Remember to speak in Spanish, Isabel."

He coaxed Isabel into sharing the dainty and savory dishes he had ordered, persuaded her to drink some wine, talked and laughed lightly and gaily, almost boyishly, apparently caring little whether he got an answer or not; and soon Isabel found her dread and terror evaporating, felt the warm blood coursing through her veins, found herself deciding that she was embarking on a great and wonderful adventure. What the end of it would be she did not want to, did not dare to, think about.

She tried to think and reason things out when she was in the boat train later, but she had had very little sleep for two nights, she found herself nodding, and soon overworked Nature asserted itself and she fell sound asleep, and woke just as the train was gliding into Folkestone to find she had been sleeping with her head snuggled against Don Lor-

(Continued on Page 18)

A WORD TO THE WISE!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"

Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a Lucky instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." Lucky Strike has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that Luckies are less irritating to your throat.

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The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Saturday and Thursday evening, over N. B. C. networks.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

*In the U. S. Public Health Reports of 1923, Volume 38, Page 1271, we find the following: "Among short men less than 5 feet 7 inches in height an excess (in weight) of 20% involves an added mortality of 30% above normal. A 40% excess adds 80% to the mortality." We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky instead," you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

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It is easy to assert that a new product will restore gray hair to its natural color, but we prefer to let the results speak for themselves. Mrs. Wm. Bowden, Jr., of Lexington, Ky., writes: "I used Browhatone for a short time and my hair is now a beautiful dark brown, as it was before it turned gray." Mrs. Bowden is but one of hundreds who have written us similar letters. Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. Test it on a single lock. Use it for 30 days. If you are not delighted with the results, your money will be refunded. Get a bottle today.

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At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of 35c. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

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The Golden Cat — by Max Brand

(Continued from Page 12)

to manage it unless Palliser himself could stop him. I had a bit of confidence in that, remembering the clutch he kept on the sawed-off shotgun. With a hose that throws a broad spray, any child can hit a penny; and a sawed-off shotgun is like a hose that throws a spray.

It seemed to me that the best thing for me to attempt was to cut off the retreat of this prowler if I could. So I headed for the west wall of the house as fast as I could sprint. I unbuckled and dropped my gun-belt and passed a Colt into my hip pocket; then I jerked off my boots and began to climb. The stranger had managed to get up this way, but before I was half to the top, I wondered how he ever had managed it, because there were only the smallest crevices in which one could get a finger or toehold. However, I had my hand on the sill of the window when I lost one foothold, and that gave my body a jerk that made the other holds slip. I swung by my left hand from the sill and looked down at the scattered big stones that were at the base of the wall. However, my finger grip on that sill was strong, and I was able to bring up my right hand to it. I was beginning to draw myself up to the sill, bodily, when I heard Palliser break out in an excited muttering.

That surprised me. I never before had known him to even try to keep his voice down!

He ended, and another voice began, rapidly, so that I couldn't understand a word that was said. It kept on, coming up to a sort of climax of rapidity, breathing out whatever it was that he was saying.

Then Palliser cried out: "No, no, no!"

That was enough for me. I whipped through the window into that room and saw Palliser bolt upright in his bed with his big arms curled about his head, while the stranger still leaned beside his bed with the look of a man who has just made a great stroke. When they heard me enter Palliser dropped his arms; the stranger leaped out of his chair and made a pass to get at a gun. But he saw that I had him covered, and his hand froze at his hip.

Palliser gasped at me, and then he bellowed to know what I was doing there. I told him that I had seen a man swarm up the side of the wall and go in at his window, and therefore I simply had followed to see that no harm had been done.

"No harm done? The harm's been done, right enough," said Palliser. "Ah, the harm's been done! Get out of here and leave me alone. Get out!"

I went to the door, pretty mad, and started to open it, when Palliser said: "You didn't see nobody here. You understand, mister? Not a soul but me?"

I nodded and went out, and all the way down the steps and back to my discarded boots, I was so hot with anger that I kept muttering to myself. After you've climbed a wall that would make even a fly dizzy, it's not so pleasant to be ordered out of a place.

I was so mad that the last bit of fear was knocked out of me. I stamped into my boots and walked in across the patio, only asking for a ghost or anything else to give me a bit of trouble. And in the dark of the entrance arch, something pale moved before me.

I didn't stop to give any challenge or to ask any questions. I simply went at that glimmering shape like a bulldog, and instantly had a woman in my arms.

The voice of the red-head gasped at my ear: "Are you trying to strangle me or to hug me?"

I let her drop with a jar and stepped back into the patio. She came after me, furious, and asked me if I thought that this was a cattle corral and if I were practicing bulldogging?

I said: "Red, I'm all tied up in knots. Leave me alone, will you?"

"You're all tied up in knots?" says Red. "But it's easy and plain sailing for the rest of us, isn't it?"

"I don't know," I told her. "But I'm going to bed and have a sleep on it!"

"Ah, but I wish that I could," said she.

"You've got to persuade Frances Mornay to get out of here," I suggested. "No one can persuade her, except you."

"Haven't I been trying to for an hour?" asked Ruth Derrick. "She won't listen to me. Suppose that she has to die, does that matter if she dies doing her duty. She's about seven centuries behind times; she ought to have lived in the days when there was a good market for saints."

"Won't she hear reason?" I asked.

"She sits and folds her hands and says: 'Ruth, darling, I don't want to keep you here while you feel like this. I'll send you back to town tomorrow and you'll be free from this worry!' That's the way she talks to me. Listen!"

It was that same tune, but not on the talking machine this time. Frances Mornay was playing it on her own violin, and a bang-up good job she made of it, too.

"What's wrong with that?" I asked.

"You listen. Hear the sobbing she's putting into it. She's getting herself all and and sweet and ripe for dying. It makes me sick," said the red-head. "Why don't you do something? You're a man!"

"If I could put my hands on something to do," I told her, "I'd do it. But everybody dodges around the corner and tells me some hint here and there. What sort of progress can I make that way? You tell me what to do!"

"I'll tell you. Be sure and go and ask the captain to finish his job and die while he's about it. That would end the wedding and let poor Frances go home."

"Shall I go up and murder him while he's lying in bed?" I asked her.

"Ah—well," said she. "That's the way to put it, I suppose. It keeps a man from going to prison—looking at things that way."

She walked off into the dark beneath the arch and called back a good-night over her shoulder, as though she hardly cared whether she ever saw me again, or not.

It was a mighty ugly impression on me. I don't mean to say that I seriously thought she was advising me to slaughter Palliser, but there was something ugly in her mind, and I felt it there!

I went on to the room that I shared with Rourke. He was lying on his face, and so I turned out the light I had made and slipped around soft and easy until I was in bed myself, with Rags lying on top of my knees. I don't know why he preferred to lie there where the bones were the hardest: maybe he found it too comfortable, but anyway, there he was all night, hot or cold, and if I shifted and turned, he shifted and turned, too. I couldn't shake him off. He rode those restless knees of mine the whole night long.

I barely was settled, and barely had told myself that I wouldn't waste my sleeping hours thinking things over, when the bed of Rourke creaked. Between me and the window, I saw him sit bolt upright.

He said: "Johnny!"

"Well?" I asked him.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"About what?"

"What's there to think about except one thing?" said Rourke.

"What thing is that? You mean the ghost?"

"Oh, curse the ghost. There ain't such things as ghosts. I mean—Palliser!"

"I think Palliser's pretty sick," I told him.

"You know how sick he is better than the rest of us. How long will he last?"

"Why, I don't know."

"There's another thing."

"Go on, Denny."

"How long will Frances Mornay last?"

"Her? Why, a good many years, I suppose. She's young."

"Johnny, you know what I mean. She's up against murder, in this house!"

I lay still, sweating, because I could see how his mind was drifting, and I didn't like what I saw. I didn't like it at all. But I thought it would be a good thing to draw him out. I asked: "Don't you figger that you're taking a lot for granted, old fellow? We've heard a ghost story, that's all."

"You know I don't believe in those things," said he. "But the point is that the Mornays in this house live short lives. That means that there's somebody around that gets rid of them. Well, there you are."

I waited again until he broke out: "What's to be done about it?"

"Why," I said, "what can we do, except to keep a close lookout?"

"A close lookout has been kept before," insisted Rourke, "and it didn't save any lives."

Then I said outright: "What's your solution?"

"Well—what keeps her here? The poor girl!"

"You mean Palliser?"

"Of course!"

"I suppose that he does."

"Suppose that Palliser would hurry up and shuffle out?"

I was silent. It made me sick to hear him.

"Rourke," I said at last, "for heaven's sake don't keep thinking along that line."

He slipped out of his bed and touched my shoulder.

"What do you think I mean?" he asked in a low, hard voice.

"You know what I think," I told him. "Now you go back to bed and forget this."

"Forget!" said Rourke. "Forget!"

He laughed in a whisper.

I listened for him to begin to breathe regularly in sleep, but at that time didn't come, and it flashed through me suddenly that he wouldn't sleep. He'd lie there awake all of the night, and for a nervous fellow like Rourke that was worse than poison.

In spite of my worries, however, in ten more seconds I was unconscious.

CHAPTER XVI.

Wong.

I WOKE up the next morning very late. Some people are lucky enough to sleep themselves out of trouble. They can put a fever or a toothache into a dream and leave it there; I'm one of those lucky men. When I got up this morning I felt a little empty-headed; the sun, which was usually just turning the sky gray when I got up, was now sending a broad yellow-white shaft of light through the window, and I hurried to dress, and went out feeling guilty. I don't know why.

Rags was twice himself, bounding around me like a ball and yipping a little. A pair of big white butterflies were fluttering down low around the fountain in the patio, which glittered like cascades of broken diamonds, and Rags tried to catch them on the wing, and came back to me shaking his head, but still ready for a lark.

I went around to the kitchen and got me a hand-out from Wong, the cook. Over in a corner of the kitchen, in the dark, so that his eyes and teeth seemed brighter than ever, was Jose; and I thought it was a little strange that a Mexican and a Chinese should be getting on so well together.

Wong gave me coffee and cold hotcakes, but he gave them with a glowering gloom, and wouldn't meet my eye. He looked more a prizefighter than ever this morning. I asked him why he was such a sore-head on such a bright morning, but he only nodded at me as if he could tell me plenty of reasons, but they would be past my understanding.

I watched him go across the room with the coffee pot, moving with an odd waddle, as though the floor were rising to meet his feet, and, suddenly, I remembered what Palliser had said about a sailor's walk.

"Wong," I said, "were you ever on a ship?"

He made a start as though he were going to turn sharp round on me. He gave such a start that I heard the coffee slop in the pot, but he checked himself from turning, and slowly lifted the pot onto the stove, while he told me that he never had been on the ocean; it is too wet and too gray to please him, he said.

When I heard that, I barked at him: "Then how'd you get over to this country, you old yellow skinned liar, you?"

He slowly turned around from the stove, but only half towards me. Out of the corner of his eye he gave me a mean look and went back to the rolling out of some pan bread.

I'd heard enough from Mr. Wong to make me sure that the flat-faced devil had a past, and that a sizable chunk of that past had been spent at sea; and that the further inland he could be now the better he'd be pleased.

Then I finished off my coffee and went out the door with a shadowy consciousness that Wong and the Mexican both were making faces behind my back. You nearly always can tell if there's something happening behind you, if ever you've keyed up your nerves!

I went around into the patio just as Frances Mornay came down the steps with her violin in her hand, and I asked her if she had cheered up the skipper with it.

"He didn't want to hear it this morning," she said. "I think that he'll be happier to talk to you. He's very fond of you, John Jones!"

She seemed about to go past me, and then paused and lingered for a moment.

"What do you do that makes you so many friends?" she asked me.

"I don't know. Nothing," said I.

I never could find my tongue around her.

"Ruth and Uncle Ned, both!" said she.

And then she smiled at me as much as to say that she wished that she could be a third in my friendship. With my heart in my mouth I watched her walking across the patio, graceful as a bird; I noticed that she was paler, this morning, and her eyes seemed darker and larger, and her walk was very slow. I'd hardly taken seriously the way Shirley and Ruth Derrick had talked, but now I had a cold thrust of fear in my heart—suppose after all that something did happen to her here? There were things in old time books I had read about young girls going into declines, the beautiful and the best going most of all!

So I went up the stairs with lead in my heels and came to the top.

The door was locked, to my surprise. I knocked and Palliser boomed out:

"Who's there?"

I answered and heard the whisper of the rubber tires of his chair, being wheeled over to the floor. He opened it for me, and so I walked in and saw the old tartar sitting up with his armory of guns littered over his lap.

He backed his chair away from me, always keeping a grim eye on my face, and with a hand ready on the butt of that shotgun of his.

"I'm not going to jump you," I couldn't help saying.

"Take a look down in the courtyard!"

I did as he told me.

"Is there anybody there?"

"Only Cattrin," I told him.

"Blast his heart!" said Palliser. "I hope he rots an ounce a day for ten thousand years! Come in. Lock the door, and double-lock it!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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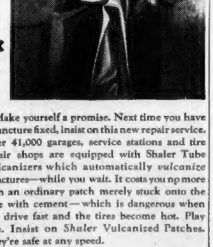

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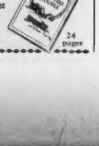

TIME TO GO— but still time to use MUM

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense. Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing to the skin, and just as harmless to the daintiest fabric. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy. This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. For it is ready for any and all occasions. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. Its constant use is actually beneficial to the skin.

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Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. Many women keep it in the purse, just to be ready for any emergency.

Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely safe from offense. Every vestige of odor is *neutralized*—not merely stifled, or disguised. All toilet-goods counters, 35c and 60c.

This enchanted hour

It was just four weeks ago that Constance unwittingly overheard Nell's remark...

"Ted in love with Connie? Don't be silly! Ted likes them beautiful, and dear old Connie is—well, rather plain."

Hurt and resentful, she dropped out of the crowd—until tonight. When she rejoined her friends, they saw that something had happened. Constance was a *radiantly beautiful girl!*

Ted's bewilderment...his enchantment ...the caress of his fingers as they stroked her face, her throat, her hair—Constance will always remember this magic, triumphant hour!

● the weeks between

It was in those weeks of sullen despair that Constance learned the art of beauty. Her skin, normally coarse and unevenly colored, she veiled in a mist of Pompeian Beauty Powder (Rachel), and it glowed with the soft brilliance of a moon-washed cherry blossom. A touch of Pompeian Bloom (Oriental tint) brought topaze lights to her hazel eyes; the creamy skin took on an unexpected loveliness against the blue-black of her hair.

● the reason

Pompeian Beauty Powder for over thirty years has been recognized as one of the finest, purest face powders which money could buy.

It clings lovingly to the skin and does not cake. It comes in five of Nature's own shades, achieved after years of experiment on living models. One of these is a flawless match for your skin.

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Pompeian Bloom is not a solid color, but a blend of many tints, as subtly weded as those which Nature combines in producing a petal-like skin itself. Not a brittle, crumbly rouge compact—it comes off easily on the puff...spreads evenly—and lasts thru the last dance, through the last caress!

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A substantial saving on your cosmetic bills will soon add a charming frock to your wardrobe, and at no cost to your toilet table!

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Science Explains the Bible Miracle of the Manna in the Desert

(Continued from Double Page)

time when the manna fell. In this, as in most other details, the Bible agrees closely with the natural explanation of the manna being produced by the insects on the tamarisk bushes. The manna hardens during the night, and it is most easily gathered in the morning. The twigs of the tamarisk bushes bearing it fall to the ground in large quantities. The morning, it must be remembered, is the time when the Israelites are said to have gathered this foodstuff. After the sun becomes hot the ants attack the manna and it disappears or becomes unfit to eat.

The statement in Exodus that the manna became "stinking" during the day is shown by the professors to have been a late interpolation. What the Bible originally said was that it disappeared under the attacks of the ants. The Bible says that there was a new supply of manna on the ground every day and this actually occurs at the right season today. Every statement in the original Bible narrative is shown to be accurate and susceptible of a natural explanation.

The Elim and Rephidim mentioned in Exodus as the place where the Israelites began to murmur at the lack of food are identified by the scientists as the present Wadi Rarandel and the oasis of Feiran. The place where the Israelites were relieved by the first fall of manna is stated to be the exit from the Wadi Feiran.

The time when the manna affair happened is said in the Bible to have been the fifteenth day of the second month after the Israelites left Egypt. This corresponds to the middle of April, which is the time when the manna is now found.

Another explanation—that the manna was really a fall of the lichen, or moss, called Lecanora esculenta—was widely accepted until recently. The reason for this was that this lichen grows with amazing rapidity and blows in the wind for miles. This peculiarity seemed to explain the statement in the Bible that the manna fell from heaven. But the lichen is uncommon on Sinai, and no Bedouin had heard for large quantities of it being blown around. It is easy to understand that the starving Israelites would have considered the sudden discovery of any food lying on the ground as a gift from heaven.

The particles of manna gathered by the scientists were about the size of coriander seeds. This fact gives with the rather puzzling statement in the Bible that the manna was "like coriander seed wise." The investigators also discovered that the quail return years at about the same time the manna is first found. The Bible says that "the quail came up and covered the camp when the Israelites were hungry." Quail, when on their annual migration, often become so exhausted with flying that they fall to the ground and can be picked up without difficulty.

A Bedouin today often gathers as much as three pounds of manna in a day, which would certainly save a family from starvation, although it would not be called a well-balanced diet.

It appears that while tamarisk bushes grow in many parts of the world, they only produce manna in Sinai. In specially dry seasons no manna is produced at all. When the scientists went there the crop was small. The Wadi Nasib was found to be especially rich in manna, and it is perhaps here that the Israelites enjoyed their first feast of this diet which saved them from starvation.

By careful observation the scientists discovered that the Najcoccus insect at Wadi Nasib was making more manna than the Trabutina, which usually does the best work. Sometimes several drops form into clumps clear as crystal. When dry they become milk white or yellow. The Bedouins have named the manna-producing insects "ain el man," meaning "source of manna."

The scientists noted that the manna is an important food supply to the numerous insect population of Sinai. The ants eat the manna produced by other insects, and the spiders catch the ants, and perhaps some hungry lizard swallows the spiders, but investigation has not yet gone as far as this last point. Certainly without manna there would be even less animal life than actually exists on Sinai.

It has already been noted that only one tamarisk—Tamarix nilotica—produces manna. The reason for this was found to be that all other tamarisks sweat a salt liquid which drives away the bark lice and would spoil the manna if they made any. The most industrious insects gather several times more than their weight in a day.

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ODO-RO-NO

SAFE—QUICK—SURE

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 16)

fitfully until the steamer reached Boulogne.

Here, again, Don Lorenzo was saluted respectfully by the officials, and the passport and customs formalities occupied no more than a few minutes. Soon Isabel and her companion were comfortably ensconced in a first-class compartment of the Paris express, and both breathed a sigh of relief as the train moved out of the station.

"You are safe now, little woman," said Lorenzo, his grave face lighting up with a smile. "You have left Isabel Berkeley behind you, and you begin a new and more wonderful chapter of life as Isabel de Cortez."

He caught Isabel's hands in his own as he spoke, and raised them impulsively to his lips.

"I may be safe from the law, but I—I don't feel safe," Isabel responded rather tremulously. "I am afraid—afraid even to think of what the future may have in store for me."

"Surely you are still afraid of love, Isabelnio?" asked Lorenzo, still smiling and with a quizzical expression in his blue eyes. "Soon, darling, you will be in love with love. Have no fear, beloved. The past is dead, and you are setting out on a new and wonderful adventure."

"I wish—" began Isabel; then broke off with a sigh of weariness and a despairing gesture. "Oh, I am too tired, bewildered and scared even to think clearly and everything seems like a nightmare," she resumed with a break in her voice, after a pause.

"I understand, Isabel," said Lorenzo, and patted her hand. "I too, am tired, and now that the strain and suspense are over I feel completely exhausted. I have had no sleep for at least thirty-six hours, and during those thirty-six hours I have been living a strenuous life of hectic adventure and suspense. So you must forgive me, caro mio, if I fall fast asleep presently."

He holstied his long legs up on to the seat of the carriage as he spoke, linked his hands around the back of his neck, closed his eyes, and apparently fell fast asleep immediately.

Isabel sat studying him with a sort of drowsy detachment, studying the man who had become master of her destiny. He was certainly a splendid figure of a man, and in repose he somehow resembled Isabel of the effigy she had seen on the tomb of one of the old Crusaders in a Cathedral. He slept as peacefully as a child, scarcely seeming to breathe, and when sleep had wiped away the haggard lines from his clean-cut face he looked almost boyish—certainly younger than his thirty-two years. Boyish in expression, but with a look of power, nevertheless, in keeping with the obvious power and strength of his fine torso and shapely, sinewy limbs. Even in rags, he would have looked a prince of the blood, aristocratic and patrician.

"Perhaps I should think myself lucky," reflected Isabel; "but I wish I had not come. It was cruel of him to claim me as the price of Noel's freedom—and still more cruel of Noel to agree to the bargain. And nothing can alter the fact that I am Noel's wife. But—oh, what could I do? I am helpless and at his mercy."

The poignant sense of helplessness brought tears to her eyes, but she blinked them away and tried to assure herself that Don Lorenzo would treat her kindly. She was too weary to think clearly, closed her eyes to try to concentrate and get things into something like their right perspective, and fell into a sort of stupor which lasted until the train reached the Gare du Nord.

Even then, despite all the clamor, bustle and confusion, Isabel was like a person who had been drugged, felt as if she could not walk without assistance, and she clung instinctively to Don Lorenzo's arm as he guided her through the crowd to the motor that was waiting to convey them to the Elysee Palace Hotel, where he had engaged a suite.

"A hot bath and a few hours sleep will revive you, little one," said Lorenzo tenderly, when they reached the hotel.

He was right. After a soothing, scented, steaming bath, Isabel went to bed, and almost immediately fell into a deep, dreamless slumber, from which she awoke in the afternoon, feeling refreshed and quite her normal self again.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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VACATION SPECIAL

WE want every woman in the United States to know Modess Compact—to know the assurance of a napkin so inconspicuous as to be unrevealing even with the sheerest and most snugly fitting of summer frocks, yet which is perfectly safe and comfortable. So, during the summer, we offer you, free, the new Modess Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts, worth 25c., with your purchase of two boxes of regular Modess.

Modess Compact was introduced the first of this year, as soon as the style trend in formal wear indicated the need of a thinner napkin. Three, in a special wrap, were packed in each box of regular Modess. But the acceptance of this timely refinement was so sensational that it has become advisable to offer Modess Compact separately in this Travel Package of six. It is a convenient size which goes nicely into dressing case or week-end bag—just what you have wanted for vacation or brief visit.

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Suggestions From Famous Tea Rooms

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Molded Cheese.

MASH two cream cheeses and add enough whipped cream to soften. Pack lightly into a mold and arrange preserved currants around the cheese. Serve with hot toasted crackers and coffee.

Orange Pudding.

MIX 1 cup sugar with 2 tablespoons cornstarch and a few grains salt. Add 1 pint water and stir constantly until boiling. Reduce heat and cook over hot water 15 or 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Cool and add the juice of 1 lemon and the juice of 1 orange and the diced pulp of 2 oranges. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

Emergency Dinner.

COOK 1 cup minced onion and 1 teaspoon parsley, if parsley flavor is desired, in ¼ cup drippings or butter for 5 minutes. Add to 3 cups diced left-over meat, 2 cups cooked carrots, peas or beans and ½ cup hot water, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Turn into a greased baking dish, slice two or three tomatoes over the mixture, dot with 2 tablespoons butter and bake about 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

Toasted Lobster Sandwiches.

FINELY chop ½ pound cooked lobster meat. Add 1 egg yolk, a few drops onion juice, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains paprika and a few grains black pepper. Cut bread in quarter-inch slices and then in rectangular pieces. Spread with the lobster mixture. Melt 3 tablespoons butter and in it fry 3 or 4 finely chopped mushrooms. Add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add ½ cup milk and ½ cup cream and stir until mixture comes to boiling point. Add an egg yolk and stir constantly until egg is cooked. Cool slightly and pour over the lobster and sprinkle lightly with freshly grated cheese. Bake in oven about 10 minutes or until delicately browned.

Veal Loaf.

PASS 1¼ pounds lean veal and ¼ pound fat salt pork through food chopper and combine with 1 egg beaten with 1 egg yolk. Add 1 finely chopped pimiento, 3 tablespoons cracker crumbs, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon salt, a few gratings nutmeg and a few grains pepper. Shape into a loaf and place in a baking pan on two or three thin slices of salt pork. Place a slice or two of salt pork on top of the loaf and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 2 hours, basting frequently. Serve hot or cold.

Advertisement.

New Way Closes Ugly Pores

—blackheads disappear!

Whenever I see a face that would be beautiful—if it weren't for disgustingly large pores, blackheads and oily skin that spoil make-up—I feel sorry.

For out in Hollywood they have a wonderful recipe for a lotion that so easily corrects these flaws and quickly makes the skin nice and smooth.

The very minute you put it on the face and neck it gets down deep into the skin and cleans out the dirt. It removes blackheads, closes the pores and erases tiny tell-tale wrinkles. Soon the skin becomes silken in texture, youthfully fresh and healthy. There is no oiliness to fight or perspiration to damage make-up and make you look done-in.

Just get 3 ounces of Orchard White from any druggist, mix it with the juice of 2 lemons and you have a full quarter-pint of a lotion far finer and more effective than any special soap, cream or liquid you have ever used.

Note: In the summer this Hollywood recipe keeps the skin free of freckles and guards against that leathery look caused by wind and sun.

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Have ever-youthful hair this SAFE way. Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. We send complete Test Package FREE.

This way you simply comb clear liquid through hair. Gray goes. Any shade wanted comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off or stain. We do not ask you to buy—just try it at our expense.

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Crank Your Own Cooling Ice Cream

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ICE cream is our favorite Summer food whether we eat it at home, in a hotel or at a soda fountain. Many homemakers, especially where there are children in the family, make some form of ice cream or frozen dish several times weekly. It is therefore important to understand the real scientific principles which will produce the best quality of cream at the lowest cost and with the least time and trouble.

Modern science can tell the homemaker much about freezing cream. In using a crank freezer, why is it necessary to use salt, and why does the proportion of ice and salt have a definite effect upon the finished product? In order to freeze a cream or other mixture, heat must be taken from it until it reaches a temperature where it will freeze. When ice melts it absorbs heat. And the faster we melt it, the faster it will absorb. Now, salt absorbs water from ice and makes it melt more quickly. Or, in other words, the more salt we add to our ice while freezing, the faster will be the result.

The crank freezer still holds its own in popularity because it makes inexpensive types of cream dessert. The texture or quality of the cream made depends upon the proportion of ice and salt used to freeze. The old rule used to be 3 to 1. However, modern science by the aid of a great many experiments, has proved that a proportion of 8 measures of ice to 1 of salt makes the most satisfactory and velvety ice cream. This means proportions by volume and not by weight, or in measures of cup, quart, etc., as they may be in the housewife's mind. Practically, it would mean the use of 15 cups of ice, finely shaved or chipped, to 2 pounds of salt. This would give a saving of salt and reduce the cost of freezing about 35 per cent, which is something for any housewife to consider.

With this new proportion of 8 to 1 (by volume) the time required for freezing is about 2 or 3 minutes longer, but this is negligible because it produces cream of a more perfect, smooth texture. It is a mistake to put too much salt into the freezer near the bottom of the pail. When the first layer of salt is placed too close to the bottom of the freezer it slips down and does not affect the ice at all. A better way is to fill the freezer ⅛ full of ice first, and then add salt and ice in alternate layers. This is something to remember.

There are two chief kinds of cream mixtures, one uncooked, and the other having a custard foundation. Remember that cooking the ingredients, as in the custard, decreases the amount of cream which results. It is always desirable to have a certain amount of expansion in cream not only to have more servings, but to have a lighter and more fluffy texture.

There are many other points which should be noted when making ice cream by the cranking method. Some of these are:

1. In freezing, use the proportion of 8 measures of shaved ice to 1 measure of salt.

2. Fill freezer about ⅔ full of ice before adding any salt. Then add salt and ice in alternate layers.

3. Use coarse freezing salt and have ice finely crushed or evenly shaved.

4. Turn freezer slowly until mixture begins to harden and pull, then increase speed in order to whip mixture and increase its bulk.

5. Never fill the can itself more than ⅝ full of the mixture in order to allow it to expand, be beaten and swell.

6. Cream fresh from a pasteurizer produces a coarse grained product. All cream should be very cold and at least 24 hours old before using. It should also contain between 18 to 22% fat.

7. A thin cream mixture can be given body by the addition of a small amount of gelatin or flavored gelatin powder or evaporated or condensed milk.

8. After freezing the cream should be packed, with a 4 to 1 mixture if packing is for an hour or short time, or with an 8 to 1 mixture if the packing continues several hours.

Recipes follow for the two popular and standard cream mixtures:

AMERICAN ICE CREAM.
(Cooked Custard.)

One quart rich milk, ¾ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1 egg, 1 cup cream.

Scald milk in double boiler. Mix ½ cup sugar, flour and salt and moisten with 3 tablespoons milk. Add scalded milk gradually and stir constantly. Return to double boiler and cook 20 minutes. Remove from fire. Cool. Slowly add beaten egg mixed with ¼ cup sugar. Cool. Add cream and vanilla. Freeze in 8 to 1 mixture. This makes 2 quarts of cream.

PHILADELPHIA ICE CREAM.
(Uncooked Mixture.)

Three pints thin cream, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons vanilla, few grains salt.

Scald cream in double boiler, add sugar and salt. Cool. Add vanilla. Freeze, using porportion of 8 to 1. Makes about 2 quarts.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit. Cereal. Toast. Coffee.	Currants. Poached Eggs on Toast. Coffee.	Cantaloupe. Cereal. Plain Omelet. Toasted Muffin. Coffee.	Grapes. Oatmeal. French Toast. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Broiled Tomatoes. Toast. Coffee.	Ripe Pineapple. Fish Cakes. Corn Muffins. Coffee.	Fruit. French Omelet. Toast. Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Macaroni Rarebit. Graham Bread. Fruit Trifle. Iced Tea.	Succotash. Corn Bread Sticks. Watermelon.	Shrimp Salad with Heart Lettuce. Iced Coffe. Date Bar.	Mexican Corn Custard. Rolls. Iced Tea.	Cheese Soufflé. Cream Sauce. Green Pea Salad. Rolls. Iced Tea.	Baked Stuffed Egg Plant. Tomato Sauce. Reheated Corn Muffins. Loganberry Punch.	Economy Loaf (Cold). Mayonnaise of Vegetables in Tomatoes. Sour Milk Brown Bread. Ice Cream with Caramel Sauce. Nut Cookies.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Cold Beef a la Mode, Aspic. Cream Horseradish Sauce. Stuffed Green Peppers. Corn on the Cob. Raspberry Sherbet.	Current Juice Cocktail (Currants left from breakfast). Baked Croquettes (Left-Over Meat). Steamed Okra. Raw Cabbage and Carrot Salad. Butterless Chocolate Cake.	Broiled Bel Balls. Steamed Potatoes. Cauliflower a la Gratin. Frozen Tom Salad. Crackers. Pineapple Ice Box Cake.	Veal Loaf. Delmonico Potatoes. Buttered String Beans. Lettuce with Russian Dressing. Orange Corn Starch Pudding.	Boiled Fish with Hollandaise Sauce. Parsley Potatoes. Stewed Cucumbers. Cress Salad. Savory Dressing. Coffee Frappe.	Stuffed Calf's Heart. Brown Sauce. Creamed Squash. Buttered Lima Beans. Watermelon.	Jellied Cucumber and Pineapple Salad (For Adults). Pineapple Salad (For Children). Toasted Cheese Strips. Fruit Punch.

American Weekly Patterns

A DAINTY SUMMER FROCK (6921). This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 3½ yards of material 35 inches wide. Contrasting material will require ⅞ yard 35 inches wide—the frills to be made of crosswise strips of material 1½-inch wide, for which 8½ yards of strips is required.

A NEW AND DESIRABLE UNDERGARMENT (6776). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2⅝ yards of 39-inch material. It will require 4⅛ yards of lace or edging.

A SMART MODEL FOR MATURE FIGURES (6772). This pattern is cut in 8 sizes. 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 48-inch size will require 5 yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material a piece 9 inches wide by 12 inches long is required.

A COMFORTABLE AND PRACTICAL FROCK (6924). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require 2¼ yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material ½ yard 35 inches wide is required, cut crosswise.

A DAINTY DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL (6932). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. A 2-year size will require 1¾ yards of 32-inch material. Contrasting material will require ⅛ yard 32 inches wide, cut crosswise.

BOY'S SUIT (6764). This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 3, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 1⅞ yard of 35-inch material. One-quarter yard is required for the pockets of muslin or lining, cut crosswise.

CHILD'S PLAY SUIT (6068). This pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 1⅞ yard of 36-inch material together with 4¼ yards of narrow bias binding, if made as illustrated.

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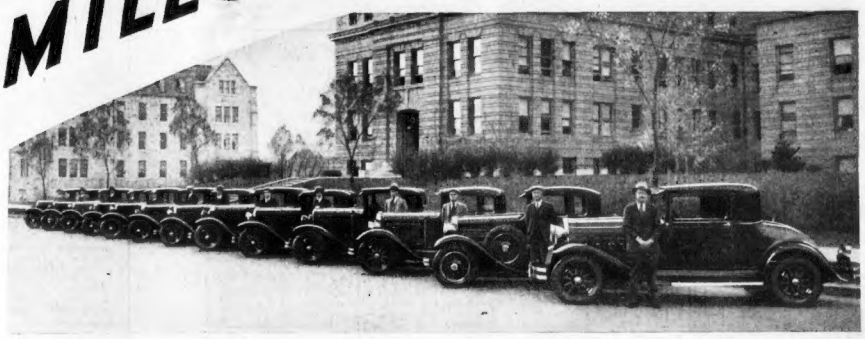

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